

# THE Saturday Journal

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## GOOD-BY, BUT COME AGAIN!

BY JOS. P. MORAN.

The seasons come and disappear  
With every fast succeeding year,  
And as they pass who can withhold the fervent cry,  
Of "Come again?"  
Each brings its pleasure—each its pain;  
When gone can mortal lips refrain  
From uttering a heartfelt and a "Good-by,"  
But come again—sweet seasons, come again!  
And memory, too, plays well its part,  
And by its light and magic art  
How many happy scenes that long since had gone by  
Do come again—  
We see them in our fancy's glass  
So clearly that we're sure they pass  
It seems but yesterday! so bid them say "Good-by,"  
But come again—in memory come again!  
In visions, too, we often see  
Bright forms of air and purity,  
And beautiful landscapes pictured to our dreamful eye  
Do come again—  
Sometimes a glimpse of Heaven we get,  
Like a diamond in a crown of jet,  
And when from sleep awaking, we bid them say "Good-by,"  
But come again—sweet visions, come again!  
How sadly sweet it is to part  
From those that's dearest to the heart—  
How sweet to hear fond lips remind us with a sigh,  
To "Come again!"  
While shades of sorrow cloud the face,  
As with a kiss and warm embrace  
We're forced to bid a lingering and a "Good-by,"  
But come again—sweet love, come soon again!

## Oath-Bound:

OR,  
THE MASKED BRIDE.

BY MRS. MARY REED CROWELL,  
AUTHOR OF "SHADOWED HEART," "SCARLET CREST," ETC.

### CHAPTER IV. A BOLD RESOLVE.

A LONELY country roadside, at the gloaming, is perhaps not the most pleasant place to ride by one's self, particularly if that same lonesome self be a young, pretty girl, as young and pretty as Undine Del Rose, who, with her eyes glowing like twin stars, and her round, dusky cheeks flushing with a rich, scarlet bloom, was dashing along toward the railway station. Her good fortune had exceeded her wildest dreams; that she should compel proud Bertrand Haighte to take her hand in friendship at the very first interview, was news enough to make her heart beat joyously; as joyously it did beat, as she hastened on.

At the railway depot she returned the horse she had hired, purchased a ticket for New York, and then, as if impatient of quiet restfulness, paced to and fro on the long, deserted platform.

On her pretty hand shone the curious jewel, whose vivid scarlet veins reminded one of living blood, and Undine Del Rose caressed it with a sort of horrible triumph. A few moments later, and the long train came thundering on; halted a second, took this handsome dark girl, and a half-dozen other passengers, and then went speeding along again, now under dark tunnels, now out into the shimmering starlight, always winding, like a huge serpent of fire, along the soft-flowing Hudson.

It had told nine o'clock by Undine's tiny little Geneva watch, as she alighted at the city terminus, and looked half inquiringly, half expectantly, about her.

A gentleman, dressed in the prevailing style, of engaging manners and fine appearance, came forward to meet her.

"Undine! I was afraid you would be unable to catch the train. I've been so long to see you. It seems an age since this morning."

Undine's face darkened, and she ignored the extended hand.

"It seems to me you are ever the one I am compelled to be welcomed by. Where is the carriage?"

The fair blonde face flushed at the words.

"Undine, my darling, do not speak so. Remember—"

"I remember but one thing, and that is, I detest you more thoroughly after this visit I've paid than I ever did before."

Her eyes sparkled like beads of jet under a brilliant lamplight, as they thus exchanged salutations in a low, whispering monotone.

"Here is the carriage, Undine. Mrs. St. Havens sent it."

Perhaps Undine Del Rose did not notice it, in her haughty wrath, but Clifford Temple's voice was cold and careless when he spoke; but she certainly did observe that he never offered his hand, as was his wont, delightedly to do, as she stepped into the brougham.

"Your manners seem to have flown with your welcome."

Undine glanced sideways at him, never fearing but that a few pet words from her could drive away the shadows from his face, as she had done a dozen times before.

But to-night Undine Del Rose had spoken careless words that had estranged a heart that loved her. And how often do we do the very selfsame thing!

It was with a new sensation—one of curiosity to know what to make of this strange disposition on Clifford Temple's part, and of fear lest she had really destroyed the love she had thought to trifle with—that Undine Del Rose leaned back in the satin cushions of Mrs. St. Havens' elegant brougham, and watched her lover from under her veiling lashes.

"Is that so? I must confess that the rather cool reception I received may have served to damp them."

He just glanced at her, and Undine wondered if it would quite kill her to have Clifford Temple cease to love her? and yet,



With a faint wail of anguish, she slid down to the soft carpet, unconscious and still.

woven into the woof of that thought, was a remembrance of Bertrand Haighte's handsome face and courtly air.

"Perhaps you would not care to hear of my adventures since I left you yesterday morning?"

Undine spoke very indifferently, but the gentleman's cool reply was quite as careless.

"Well, I can not say that I have any particular desire to learn them. Just as you please, however. By-the-by, I just recollect an engagement at ten o'clock. You'll excuse me, Undine."

He called to the coachman to rein in his horses at the corner, then, with a nod and a touch of his hat to Undine, he sprang out, and went up the avenue.

She gazed after him, her eyes full of wonderment; a smile of challenging triumph, as though he had not dared measure lances with her, rose to her lips, and then she leaned lazily back among the cushions, as the carriage bowed rapidly up the silent avenue.

Beyond an occasional illy-concealed smile that half displayed her little white teeth, she did not betray her thoughts during that ride home, and when the carriage stopped at the elegant mansion on Lexington avenue, she sprang out unassisted, and with a pleasant "All right, Martin," ran up the steps to the lace-curtained inner door.

A lady met her, just as she laid her hand on the silver handle—a matronly, stylish woman, with a brilliant smile, and keen, bright eyes.

She caught Undine's hand as they met.

"My dear, I am so thankful you have returned. You can't imagine how worried I have been. Come right up to my room, to warm you. Isn't it remarkably chilly for an October night?"

Undine kissed the clear white forehead.

"I am sorry you have fretted; I have had a delightful time, and found all of the Halls well—Lida especially."

"But where's Mr. Temple? He left the house in the brougham."

"Mrs. St. Havens, I don't know where he is."

There was a suddenly-forced hauteur in Undine's words that attracted the lady's attention; and as they had just reached the upper landing, she turned abruptly around, and looked at the beautiful flushed face.

"Have you had another lover's quarrel? Tell me, Undine."

She laughed.

"You seem quite agitated over so trivial an affair. Yes, we have had a slight coolness, hardly a quarrel. He's altogether too devoted, Mrs. St. Havens. I told him so, and the consequence was, Mr. Temple remembered an engagement must be attended to, and left me to my own pleasant society."

Mrs. St. Havens walked slowly into the splendid apartment she called "her room."

A large front chamber, covered with royal velvet carpeting; adorned with rich pink plush and silver furniture; decorated by objects of all kinds; all combining to form a picture that was the perfect embodiment of extreme wealth, taste, and luxurious habits.

After the door had closed behind them, Mrs. St. Havens turned again to Undine, but with so strangely altered an expression on her fine features, that the girl uttered an involuntary cry.

"Heavens and earth! Mrs. St. Havens, what is the matter?"

Well might she ask, as she gazed upon the ashen white lips, the pale, deathly face; the eyes, so full of tremor and dismay.

"There is nothing the matter. I am only suffering in my mind a portion of the agony you will endure if you love Clifford Temple. Undine Del Rose, beware how you trifle with him; for, beside loving you, he has in his power. And not only you, but me, Mrs. St. Havens!"

She almost screamed the last words; and an incredulous smile slowly gathered on Undine's lips.

"Surely you are excited beyond your knowledge. Of course, you are either mistaken, or alarmed needlessly."

"I wish to Heaven I were! But, I tell you, Undine Del Rose, that the day that sees you and Clifford Temple enemies witnesses—Ah, I dare not speak the horrible words! But, girl, girl! as you value your

earthly happiness, as you value my welfare, oh, be careful how you offend him!"

Pale from agitation, Mrs. St. Havens sunk into the chair near by, while Undine stood, darklingly brilliant, defiantly beautiful, beside her.

"It may all be true. I will not doubt but you mean all you say. And yet, Mrs. St. Havens, I freely confess to you that I have ceased to care for Clifford Temple. To-day I met my destiny; the only man I ever saw whom I loved, worshiped, the moment I saw him. If he had asked me, I'd have married him on the spot."

A sudden flush flamed over Mrs. St. Havens' face.

"Oh, Undine, how can you? But you must crush it; you must forget this stranger, whoever he is. Undine, you must marry Clifford Temple."

Then the girl laughed; a low ripple of tantalizing melody.

"But if I love this other, this god among men—"

"You mustn't ever allow yourself to think of it. Oh, Undine, believe me; heed my warning! I never told you before, for I fondly hoped to see you united to Clifford without any knowledge of the dread secret, that never could have added to your happiness. But when I saw you come without him to-night, oh, my heart sunk within me!"

"You are not so brave as I. And if the fate of ten million worlds hung on my decision, I would not hesitate to marry this glorious stranger, if those worlds were eternally lost therefor!"

Mrs. St. Havens buried her face in her hands; and a silence ensued, almost painful in its intensity.

"Who is this other?" she asked, hesitatingly.

The answer came prompt and proud from Undine's lips.

"Bertrand Haighte, of The Towers."

"Merciful God, forbid it!"

Mrs. St. Havens sprang wildly from her chair, her eyes fairly glaring from their sockets, her fair hands beating against the air, as if to drive away the words.

"Unsay them, oh, Undine, unsay those

words! Bertrand Haighte—Oh, what is your sin, that this awful calamity is sent upon us? That you ever went to the Halls to-day, when I might have known you would have seen him?"

With a faint wail of anguish, she slid down to the soft carpet, unconscious and still.

After Undine had summoned the maid, and seen Mrs. St. Havens at rest, she ascended the stairs to her own room; and there, with starry eyes, looked at her reflection in the mirror.

"Yes, Undine Del Rose, you are fairly started on your career of adventure! Never give up, no matter what may come, until you have accomplished the solitary object of your lonely life, to which all other aims shall bend! Never till you are the bride of Bertrand Haighte will your work be accomplished. And it shall be accomplished, by fair means or foul, or Undine Del Rose will die in the attempt."

### CHAPTER V. LURLINE'S LOVE.

BERTRAND HAIGHTE stood, almost a petrified man, looking at, not seeing, the graceful fleeting form of the bewildering girl, as she dashed down the rocky path leading from the Towers to the main road.

The twilight was rapidly gathering, and from the windows of Edenwilde, that lay nestling so lovingly on the greensward at the foot of the hills, he saw faint, twinkling lights, now in one apartment, now in another, and at last shining like a calm beacon-light in Crystel's room.

A bitter mood was upon him, and a keen anguish was in his heart as he looked at the bright point he had so often watched in happier moments, as the signal for him to come to his love.

How the world was changed since last the soothing dusk-shadows had fallen! To-night, instead of the low, murmurous music of the Hudson as it softly laved the base of the hills, came a dull, sullen sound, as if to reproach him and discourage him. These hills, ever his glory and delight in the grand dignity of silent, solemn restfulness, now appeared to rise grimly, savagely up in the darkness, like bold, triumphant fingers pointing out his misery.

For several moments he stood in the large marble-floored rotunda, watching and wondering if all the joy of his life was gone out; then, as the bells of The Towers began to ring the hour of eight, he turned with a chilled shiver, half of cold, half of inward nervousness, and re-entered the warm, lighted library where Undine Del Rose had left a faint, sweet, rare perfume lingering in the air.

With a gesture of disgust he threw up the window.

"The sooner I forget her the better! And yet, what wondrous eyes she had!"

And with the strange inconsistency of man, he took the best way of forgetting Undine Del Rose: that of brooding over her strange, witching charms.

Yet, his very heart was aching to burst while he thought of Crystel Roscoe; and he was ever thinking of her, even while the dark eyes and crimson lips of her who had stricken them were floating before his memory's eyes.

A long, long while he sat there, his senses half-fascinated by that subtly fragrant odor that persistently lingered around him; with a tenderness, it seemed to him, and he grew angry with himself at the imaginative thought.

And while he sat there, yet grieving and striving to see light ahead for him and Crystel, he became suddenly aware that there was a delightful commotion at the door; the next moment, his grand, stately mother and haughtily elegant sister entered the library, bringing in their garments the sweet, cool freshness of the night air, and the night air on the high lands is blissfulness to breathe.

Bertrand sprang to welcome them, an apology on his lips.

"You need to ask forgiveness, you naughty boy, for not coming to the city to meet us. If it had not been that we were carried, perforce, by Mrs. Judge Temple to your residence, I should have telegraphed to you. As it was, her son accompanied us, and saw us safely on the train."

The aristocratic lady kissed her handsome boy, then sunk wearily down in a capacious arm-chair.

"Sit down, my dear, Bertrand, just close the window. I am so very fatigued. I really do not see how we would have managed had it not been for young Mr. Temple. He was very handsome, don't you think so, Lena?"

Miss Haighte carelessly twirled the rings on her finger, but a heightened color flamed for one brief second on her marble-white face, used as she was to guarding her thoughts from any one's eyes.

"Yes, I think he is very handsome. He was agreeable and gentlemanly, not at all presuming in his attentions."

"That is an unusual compliment for you to pay, Lena. Perhaps Gussie will favor this stranger with a less flattering opinion?"

Bertrand laid his hand caressingly on his youngest sister's head; she was the pet of the household, and Bertrand idolized her.

She looked saucily up in his face.

"Do you suppose I am going to tell my secret impression of Mr. Clifford Temple? Not I, brother mine. I will leave that to Lurline. By the way, Bertie, how could we have neglected to inquire after Hellice Roscoe and darling little Crystel? We came home a fortnight earlier than we expected to, to prepare for your wedding."

A sudden cold shiver thrilled over Bertrand; he looked out at the window into

the dense darkness, striving to hide the palor he felt creeping over his face.

"She is well, Gussie, *ma*. And the rest of the Roscoes, too. I was there to-day, as usual."

He spoke naturally, wondering to himself why he did not tell them the strange events of the day. Something deterred him; and he obeyed the silent impulse.

"We are going back to New York to-morrow for a couple of days," said Lena; "perhaps you and Crystel will go? She has such exquisite taste in selecting goods. The cards are not out yet, to hinder either of you."

"I certainly have no objection."

He murmured the words very indifferently, Mrs. Haighe thought, and his sisters. But they made no remarks thereon.

"Then, please ride over to Edenwilde early in the morning, and bring Crystel and Hellice back."

Pretty, imperious Gussie kissed her hand to her brother, and then went, singing a gay tune, up the stairs.

Mrs. Haighe followed, bidding her son good-night, leaving Lurline alone with her brother.

"I did not want to speak before them, Bertrand, but I must tell you. Oh, brother, I have met the one at last! I loved him as soon as I saw him; am I unmadly, Bertrand? I knew you would sympathize with me if any one would, because you are so happy in the love of little Crystel Roscoe!"

He almost groaned, but Lurline did not perceive it.

"Unmadly, my stately sister! I can not imagine a Haighe, a woman of our family being that. No, my dear Lena, to love is never unmanly, provided the loved one be an idol worthy of worship. Who is this Mr. Temple?"

Somewhat as his lips uttered this name, there stole across his senses that same sweet fragrance again, and Lurline noted it. "He carries that same perfume. Isn't it glorious? *Le Del Rose*, he called it, when I remarked its sweetness!"

Bertrand started.

"Del Rose! That was her name! Strange! Lurline's low, confidential voice broke the reverie he was falling into. "His name is most beautiful—Clifford Temple. He is so grand and elegant; far different from the other men I have been in contact with all this long, dreary summer. I can not tell you more, save that he is the idolized son of his widowed mother; rich and aristocratic."

Her voice mellowed down to a happy whisper, and Bertrand stooped and kissed her forehead.

"Good-night, Lurline. Dream of him, sister dear, and he will be worthy; and love you as you love him, all will be well."

Then, after she had left him with her sweet secret, Bertrand sat, long after Undine Del Rose had made her vow to win him; long after Crystel Roscoe had extinguished her light and had sobbed herself to an unquiet slumber in Hellice's true arms.

He was wondering what to say, what to do, when he went to Edenwilde on the morrow morning, as he was expected to do.

And, with Crystel's white, rounded face, and Undine's haunting eyes floating alternately before him, he sat and mused, alone with the silent midnight and his own sad thoughts.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE FINAL RENUNCIATION.

THE family at Edenwilde had just arisen from the breakfast-table, as Bertrand Haighe's card was handed to Crystel. General Roscoe had passed from the breakfast-parlor into his private study beyond, and did not see the look of unutterable agony that rushed to Crystel's face as she turned to Hellice.

"I can not see him. You will tell him, Hellice. Tell him it is cruel to come here; tell him—"

Hellice gently stopped her sister's excited speech.

"It would be far better, poor little one, that you should see him. Perhaps he can explain—perhaps that is his errand."

A sudden radiance leaped to Crystel's face, and she caught her sister's hand excitedly.

"Hellice! do you think he has come for that? Oh, my heart seems stopping at the bare suggestion! What can he have ridden over for, thus early, unless it be to make it all right?"

Then, darting by her sister, she almost flew into the sunny parlor, where Bertrand awaited her.

"Oh, Bertrand, tell me quickly that you have come to explain this awful mystery that is keeping us apart! Tell me, dearest, I am right?"

She wound her two clinging arms around his neck, and he felt her rapid, irregular breathing on his face. For a moment he held her in a painfully fierce embrace; then he gently held her away.

"Oh, my poor darling, my suffering, loving little one, I would to God that were my errand!"

A cry, fraught with agony, fell from her lips, and she staggered away from him to the sofa.

He followed her, yet afar off.

"My lips are sealed, Crystel. How dare I prove recent to the trust bestowed on me before my birth? Oh, my darling, my darling, won't you have mercy on me, on yourself, and let me have you for my own, regardless of this past trouble?"

"But *Florian*," she murmured, faintly.

A fierce pang reminded him of it. True, there was Florian. In the excitement of seeing her, and the wretchedly that Undine Del Rose had cast about him, he had forgotten why he dared not marry her; forgotten the very cause of all his troubles.

But he remembered it now, with renewed sorrow.

"I would I had died before to-day," he exclaimed, passionately, pacing to and fro, and gazing upon Crystel's bowed head.

"No; live to avert this shadowing sorrow. Mr. Haighe, am I intruding?"

It was Hellice Roscoe's sweet, womanly voice; a voice whose very sound inspired one with courage. He grasped her hands vehemently.

"If I might set us all right, I'd live a hundred years in the loneliest dungeon at The Towers. Oh, Hellice, sister Hellice, I am afraid she will die, and all because I have dared love her."

"That is wrong, Bertrand. You love Crystel; she loves you—nay, my sister, do not raise your head so imperiously for me to cease; let me do what I believe to be my duty. Let us all do our duty, and God will see to the issue. Yes, my dear Bertrand, you have loved in innocence and happiness; and now, because sudden clouds darken

your landscape, and unseen chasms debor your progress, you must not sit down and grieve."

"And what can I do? All the efforts mortal man can put forth will not undo the past."

Hellice smiled.

"I have thought this mysterious affair all over. Last night, in the silence and darkness, I watched the glimmer of light in the library windows at The Towers, and decided that it is wrong to allow such grief to kill you and her, without making an honest effort to remove it. I, for one, dear Bertrand, am willing to help you. May I?"

The young man looked at her in a sort of bewildered pity.

"Have you any idea of what you are to do?"

"Not now. But, can not your mother, when she learns this family secret from you, be able?"

Bertrand sprung to his feet.

"Tell a female the contents of that letter I swore never to reveal? that no mortal ear, save the oldest son, and the executor of the estate, ever heard since there existed a Haighe? Hellice, that were an impossibility. That would bring down on my mother's head a most awful curse."

Hellice looked seriously at him.

"I may be wrong, but I think, were I you, for love's sake, I'd risk it."

She smiled kindly at him, then withdrew from the room.

Neither spoke for several minutes; then it was Crystel who broke the oppressive silence.

"Bertrand, I have but one favor to ask of you. Will you grant it? Promise me, on your solemn word."

She laid her white, trembling hand on his arm.

"I'll swear to any thing you ask, my darling."

"Then please don't come to Edenwilde any more. Oh, Bertrand, I see plainly I must give you up. I must steel my heart to my fate, Bertrand. I never will accept your hand, even if you explain this mystery; because if, by so doing, you bring a curse on your mother, what pleasure would such a dearly-bought privilege bring us? No, Bertrand, your first love, your best allegiance, is to your mother. I can suffer for you, my darling, if not with you. Now, Bertrand, you see I am strong and brave; please say good-by, just as any friend would do, and then go away. I will explain to papa; you to Mrs. Haighe, and Lurline, and Gussie."

She was trembling from head to foot, despite her pitiful attempt to appear composed, and her lover gazed at her, his heart throbbing madly.

He suddenly caught her in his arms, and pressed hot kisses on her pale face, her quivering lips; then, as if he feared his own violence might frighten her, he reverently laid his hands on her fair head.

"I have sworn, my darling; and because a Haighe never yet was false to his word, is the reason why I this day give you up, forever and forever!"

There was no haste in his movements as he departed; he seemed suddenly petrified. He felt no sorrow, no regret, no disquiet, only this horrible stillness that was not restfulness, this painful calmness that was not resignation.

So he went home, and met Gussie on the front lawn.

"Is she coming? Where's Hellice and Crystel?"

Then he remembered why he had gone to Edenwilde.

"Oh, it is impossible for them to leave home to-day."

Gussie's pretty face clouded.

"Never mind, sister *ma*. I'll go, and that's next best, isn't it?"

Again he looked the news between his lips that must be told soon. But he thought of the two days that were as days of grace to him, before his family would be compelled to learn the truth; and he decided to wait until their return to The Towers again.

If he had but spoken! if he had but known, but thought! In after days he remembered it, and wondered why he was permitted to follow his own way.

## CHAPTER VII.

### ONE DAY.

BERTRAND HAIGHE tried in vain to analyze his feelings as he rode along in the swift-dying train that morning, with his beautiful sisters and stately mother.

Lurline and Gussie were chatting away on some light, joyous subjects; Lena with her sweet, grave face irradiated with a delicate scarlet bloom as they neared the place where she would see the one she had so suddenly learned to love.

Bertrand's thoughts puzzled him. First, he was alarmed to find how wildly those witching, liquid eyes seemed ever peering into his own; he was ashamed that his heart was not broken because of Crystel Roscoe; he wondered if Clifford Temple and *Le Del Rose*, and Undine, were any way connected; and finally, he could not understand how it was that his mother and sisters were on their way to purchase articles for his marriage, when the bride-elect was no more to him than any stranger.

Then, by some curious lightning speed of reasoning, he thought, perhaps, after all, he would see the splendid girl who held such a romantic hold on him; he might love her; he blushed at the audacity of his unspoken thoughts—Crystel refused to marry him; the wedding might still be, with a change of brides.

And as the long train steamed into the depot, he sprang from his seat, vexed and mortified that he had given such free rein to his imagination!

"We are to drive to Mrs. Temple's. We promised her this visit."

And so they rode straight on to their fate—Bertrand Haighe and Lurline!

Mrs. Temple met the party in her elegant reception-salon.

"I am delighted to meet your son, Mrs. Haighe," she said, as Bertrand was presented. "I am sure my boy, Clifford, will be as pleased to meet him. And now, after lunch, we will go on a shopping tour; then call on Mrs. St. Havens; then through the Boulevard home to dinner; after that to hear Nilsson. Is my programme agreeable?"

An answer was prevented by the entrance of a gentleman.

Mrs. Temple arose.

"This is my son, Mr. Clifford, Mr. Haighe."

Temple advanced to exchange greetings, and Bertrand instantly detected that same sweet, nameless fragrance that Undine had left after her. He longed to ask him, but pride forbade.

All that afternoon, while Lurline was so

perfectly happy in the society of Clifford, Bertrand was restlessly watching every passing stage and carriage for a glimpse of that radiant, flushed face. Several times Clifford rallied him on his abstractedness, but Gussie always excused him.

"He is lonely away from his betrothed, Mr. Temple. Wouldn't you be perfectly disconsolate?"

If the lady were so charming as yourself, I could certainly suffer terribly."

And while Gussie was laughing so merrily, Temple would steal a glance at Lurline that made her cheeks bloom gloriously.

"And now for Mrs. St. Havens."

They drove up, and Bertrand alighted, little thinking he was to meet his fate within those walls.

The footman announced that the lady in question was not at home, but that Miss Undine Del Rose was in.

Bertrand's listless ears caught the sound, and his heart leaped to his throat.

Mrs. Temple turned to Mrs. Haighe.

"We need not go in, then?"

Bertrand interposed, with apparently indifferent manner, but wildly-throbbing heart.

"Perhaps Lena and Gussie are fatigued riding and wish to alight."

But Lurline was only too happy to sit there on the carriage seat forever, with Clifford Temple beside her; she did not say so, however, but implied her present comfort. Gussie was in an impatient mood for the Boulevard, and so Bertrand could do no more than glance at the house, take its number, and be driven away.

These five minutes of debate Undine Del Rose was peeping from behind the lace curtains of her room, with flashing eyes, and triumphant smile; her proud heart beating as it was seldom wont to beat, as she looked down on the man she already worshiped so madly.

As the carriage drove away, she drew a long breath of relief.

"What can be more fortunate than that Mrs. St. Havens is from home? If she had seen Bertrand, what might have happened?"

She was leaning against the snowy-white of her lounging chair, and her scarlet-stained cheeks, and jetty hair, streaming over neck and rounded bosom; her glowing, sparkling eyes, made a rare, Oriental warm, picture.

"He has come to me; he must learn to love, be the result what it may. He will come again, I feel sure; to-night I think. The fates favor me, for Mrs. St. Havens will be absent till Saturday—Oh, Bertrand Haighe, I'd sell my very soul for your love—such love as I feel for you!"

It had gradually grown dusky, as she sat there, her dark, passionate eyes partly veiled by their heavy lashes, her small hands, as perfect as nature ever molded, crossed on her breast, in an attitude of exquisite, dreamy reverie.

Presently she arose, and lighted the gas; then rung for her maid to arrange her toilette.

Confident in her expectation of meeting Bertrand Haighe, and conscious of her beauty, as also her determination to lay siege to his heart, she selected her most becoming dress.

It was a black gown, full of shimmering waves of darkness; her beautiful neck and arms shone through the gossamer covering, and a heavy golden chain and cross was clasped about the round throat.

Her hair was dressed as she invariably wore it; floating like a cloud down to her slender waist, and tied with a glowing scarlet ribbon. She was magnificent as she stood before the pier glass, and adjusted the broad, scarlet sash; and as she heard the door bell ring, a brilliant smile hovered on her lips.

She listened to his footsteps as he entered; the parlor; then after several seconds of silent waiting she went in, her derisive, glorious in her dark tropical beauty.

"Mr. Haighe! I am so surprised, so delighted!"

She went up to him, both hands extended. He arose, his senses dazzled; his heart throbbing, and took her hands, not relinquishing them.

"And I am the happiest of all men to be welcomed by so lovely a charmer."

He led her to the sofa, and then let go his hold of her hands.

I called this afternoon with Mr. Temple, but Mrs. Temple and the other ladies concluded to await the return of Mrs. St. Havens."

He looked down at her expressive face; suddenly she raised her eyes.

"I saw you, Mr. Haighe. I knew you would come again."

He had fully intended watching to see if she betrayed any special knowledge of young Temple; but her answer thrilled him with so delightful a sensation that he forgot it.

"And why did you know it, Undine Del Rose?"

"No; call me Undine, please, and I will tell you."

He caressed the shapely fingers that were lying so temptingly near his own.

"Then, Undine, why did you know I would come?"

Her hand trembled, and he knew it; and he realized how infatuated he was becoming, yet he wooed the temptation.

"Because I wanted to see you. I thought surely your heart would tell you."

She smiled in his eyes, that same smile that had haunted him ever since that first time.

"It did tell me, Undine, my beautiful one. And now I am here; to see you, to hear you speak, to—"

He almost said "to love you!"

"And you do not quite hate me for the part my duty compelled me to play?"

Oh, Mr. Haighe, I was so afraid you'd despise me."

He slipped his arm around her waist.

"Despise you, Undine? How can you say it, when I've thought but of you since I saw you? Undine, you beautiful temptress, do you know you are making the very best slave of me?"

He was toying with the soft hair that floated across his lips.

"Oh, Mr. Haighe, I would not do that. I'm sure. But, I'm so glad you like me."

She looked so tenderly at him, he could with difficulty refrain from snatching kisses from those proud, curved lips.

"Mr. Temple is a very agreeable host, is he not?"

"Yes, a perfect gentleman. You are great friends, I believe?"

He was half-joking already, lest it might be more than friendship.

Undine arched her brow with a pretty, impatient gesture.

"Yes. That is, Clifford and Mrs. St. Havens are—Mrs. St. Havens is my lady bountiful, you know; I am a mere charity

dependent; one of her *freaks*, I imagine—I think she means to marry him one day, in fact, I know it."

How carelessly she told it to him, and when he arose to bid her good-night, he felt so relieved; and yet—poor Lurline!

"You'll come again?"

She laid her hand on his arm.

"Will you ride with me to the Park in the morning?"

"I should be delighted. Then I will say good-night."

She smiled as she spoke, but Bertrand laughingly took her hand and drew her to his side.

"Let me kiss you, Undine. May I?"

She flushed deliciously; then a sudden dignity came to her, for she loved this man.

"Not yet, Mr. Haighe—Bertrand."

She murmured his name in a low, melodious whisper, that was music in his ears long after he sought his pillow that night.

And all this while, not a thought of Crystel Roscoe!

Poor fellow! was he really so much to blame?

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 53.)

## HA! HA! HA!

A friend who "reads the papers," and well knows what he reads, says of three or four of our humorists:

"I like Washington Whitehorn. Some of his papers are certainly up to Mark Twain, and are far above the average standard of current humor."

"Best Time" improves with age, and is a jolly fellow, making smiles at will, apparently. He beats Time in the most ludicrous way."

"M. T. Head is a humorist we should hear from often. If he is an empty head, what must it be when it is full?"

"As to Joe Jot, Jr., he is scandalously free with his rhymes, and really is an original fellow. Not a jot or tittle of what he writes do we care to lose."

Since our friend's writing we have arranged for special contributions from A. W. Griswold, "The Fat Contributor," of fame famous. He is a forty-horse power at manufacturing a laugh.

Of M. T. Head we shall soon give a "square" meal of *Head Cheese*, and every guest may prepare beforehand for lost buttons.

It is now conceded that no journal published in America offers so much original wit, humor and ludicrous sayings as this.

## "MOST ENJOYABLE OF THE WEEKLIES."

## The Blackfoot Queen:

OR,

OLD NICK WHIFFLES IN THE VALLEY OF DEATH.

A Sequel to "The Phantom Princess."

BY CAPT. J. F. C. ADAMS,

AUTHOR OF "THE PHANTOM PRINCESS; OR, NED HAZEL, THE BOY TRAPPER."

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE GRAVE VISIT.

NICK WHIFFLES was not a man to cultivate the niceties of speech, and when he came in the presence of Ned Mackintosh he quickly uttered the words that were upon the end of his tongue.

"I see'd Woo-wol-na, and he tells me that the girl is dead!"

"WHAT!" demanded the young man, recollecting and staring at him, as if he doubted the evidence of his senses.

"That's what he says, but I don't believe it; cuss his pincer!"

The lover drew a sigh of relief.

"How you startled me! Tell me all you have learned about it."

The hunter then proceeded to relate what he had just learned, adding:

"He said that Miona died a week ago, and was buried near the village, and if I wanted him, he would show me her grave."

"What did you say to the scoundrel?"

"It came on me so sudden like, that I b'lieved it, and started to see you; but as I come through the woods, I had time to think of it, and I made up my mind he had told me the biggest kind of a lie."

"But, Nick, may be they have killed her, rather than let her fall into the hands of her friends," said the horrified Mackintosh, who could scarcely control his emotions.

"A week ago! why that was the day she met you!"

"Jess so; and that's why I know she isn't dead—leastwise of no disease. That's this about it; they've been expecting me, and the cunning old varmint has got up the story to put me off the track, thinking that I would give up all hope of getting her, and leave her to become the wife of Red Bear, seen' as you was out of the way."

"Do you think Miona is in the village?"

"No; she can't be now, at least."

"Where is she?"

"I don't know. Woo-wol-na has took her to some place and left her in the keeping of some one—where she's goin' to stay till they think there's no danger of my looking any more for her, and then she'll be turned over to Red Bear."

"Heavens!" exclaimed the excited Mackintosh, "what an outrage! I wish I had an army to wipe out that nest! What pleasure it would give me to do it! How are we going to find where she is?"

"I think it can be done," replied Whiffles, with his old confidential manner.

"If she is kept as a sort of prisoner somewhere, I s'pose she will be visited by Red Bear?"

or anybody who stood in the way of their accomplishment.

Nick greeted him in the usual formal manner customary at such times, and then questioned him regarding the death of Miona.

How long since did it occur? Of what character did her disease appear to be? How long was she sick? Did she seem to suffer much? Did she leave any parting messages for her friends?

These inquiries were all made for the purpose of deceiving the chief into the belief of their sincerity.

The reply in substance was that she had died a week before. The symptoms, as he described them, were those of a violent fever, short and occasional great suffering. The medicine-man of the village had done all that was possible for her, and her death was sincerely mourned by the entire village, who were all attached to her. As her mind was wandering during the entire time of her sickness, she left no tangible message for any of her pale-faced friends who might seek her.

Then Nick stated that he would like to visit her grave before carrying word to her home many miles away. Woo-wol-na volunteered at once to lead him to it, and the two started.

As is well known, it is the frequent custom of the Indians of the North-west to bury their dead above ground—that is by placing them upon a sort of scaffold, where they are carefully wrapped up and left to decay by the action of time and the elements. This is often done, but, at the same time, as many, if not more, are placed beneath the sod, more after the manner of civilized life.

Woo-wol-na conducted the visitor to a beautiful spot about a tenth of a mile distant, where there was the appearance of a newly-made grave, where he said Miona had been buried amid the lamentations of all the warriors and maidens of his tribe.

Then, with unexpected deference, the old chief withdrew and left him alone with his sorrow.

Knowing that he was carefully observing him all this time, the trapper affected a great deal more of grief than he felt, and when he had remained a proper time, he bade the grave farewell, and was escorted to the village by the chief, where he embarked in his canoe again, and started up-river. Ned was taken in in a secret manner, and by lying down in the canoe was not observed by the lynx-eyed Blackfoot watching the trapper far on his way. The shrewd old man so well knew that he would thus be under surveillance, that he resolved to return all the way to his cabin and thus disarm the red scoundrels of all suspicion both of Ned's existence and of his (Nick's) own want of faith in their story regarding Miona's death.

He chuckled with a satisfaction so hearty that, cautious as he was by nature and training, he could hardly refrain from a good loud laugh, as he paddled away, hour by hour, while the red-skins, with almost superhuman efforts, kept along like shadows on his path.

"Trot along, ye greasy vagabones!" he said, in a low tone, "we'll give you a twist that'll make your devil's faces look worse'n that hole ye dropped my boy in."

Silently, steadily he paddled, keeping Ned close and quiet in the canoe bottom, until they neared the cabin, when the old man permitted the younger to take the blade, which he did in silence, while faithful Calamity, like a grim sentinel, stood in the canoe's bow as if to relieve his old master from all further responsibility.

## CHAPTER VIII

### THE BACK TRAIL.

"Now," said Nick, as they sat down in the cabin, "we can turn about and go back again. We've got rid of the condemned scoundrel, diffidly."

"And all this time, what is poor Miona suffering?" replied Ned, resting his hand upon his elbow, and looking the very picture of misery.

"She ain't suffering half as much as you," replied Nick, who, like a thoughtful host, was preparing a meal for two very hungry men. "She don't know she's dead, or that we think she's gone under."

"But, how she must long for our coming! What weary years of waiting she has spent, and now she does not know whether they are to end or not. When do we start down-stream again?"

"It will be dark in an hour; we can make a good supper by that time, and I'll take week's food with us, so we needn't stop to shoot game, when some of the varmints are near."

Nick was walking toward his fire-place, when he suddenly paused and looked back at his young friend, with a peculiar expression.

"Ned, what do you s'pose I b'leve?"

"I am sure I can not tell," he replied, looking up in no little surprise at the abruptness of the question.

"I think I know where to look for the gal."

"Where?" was the eager inquiry.

"Certainly not Grizzly Bear Cave!"

"No; up that creek that I p'inted out to you as we passed. Mind, I don't say she's there," added Nick, "I only s'pects it."

"You wouldn't suspect it without good cause," said Ned, "so I will take that grain of consolation."

"It's many a year ago and more that I helped Woo-wol-na out of his scrape with the Shoshone. I got several pretty good digs myself in that scrimmage, so that I was carried back and laid up in one of the lodges for the rest of the winter; and I happened to think just now that that village then stood on the bank of the creek, about ten miles up it. The tribe staid there for several years, and then moved down to where they now ar'. When they done it, they left their old lodges standing, and put new lodges along the river. Now, the Blackfoot allers puts up his house with the idee that it's going to last awhile, and I've a mind that some of them old lodges are still standing, and would make the best kind of shelter fur a chap that got lost in the woods."

"Have you seen any of them within a few years?"

"By mighty!" exclaimed Nick, in considerable excitement, "I slept in one of them lodges the very summer you left me, so they're likely to be some of 'em there still."

"And you think Miona has been removed to that place?"

"That's it! It may be that I'm wrong, but I s'wore to gracious, that if she ain't there, I don't know where to look for her."

"Don't say that," said Ned, pleadingly;

"it will be hard enough to give up when we are compelled to. Until then, don't let me know that you can ever reach a point where you feel unable to do any thing."

"We're going to have a little moon to-night, though I'd just as lief get along without it as with it."

Nick spent the greater part of an hour in cooking meat for the expedition. He had learned in the great school of necessity, and he worked with that skill and dexterity that soon gave him all the food he needed.

Ned and he occupied but a few minutes in eating their evening meal, and then, accompanied by Calamity, they set out again for the river, where they had left their canoe lying. Their food was placed within the dog took his accustomed place, and just as the shades of night were closing upon forest and river, the paddle was dipped into the water, and they began what was to prove a most eventful journey.

All night long the iron arms of the trapper kept at work with the regularity of a steam engine, and seemingly without tiring any more than so much machinery. Mackintosh slept the greater part of the night, and when daylight came, they landed and made a few hours' halt. Then, under the direction of Nick Whiffles, Ned took the paddle, and they began stealing their way along shore down-stream; for, above all things, it was now important that they should not be seen by any of their enemies.

The greater part of the day was spent in stealing along in this cautious manner, constantly on the look-out for their enemies. Near the middle of the afternoon, they had a narrow escape from running directly in sight of a large canoe full of Indians, but, fortunately, they "backed water," and ran in under cover of the bank in time to escape discovery.

Just at nightfall the mouth of the creek was reached, and they landed. The boat was pulled up out of sight, and Calamity was left to guard the entrance, and the two withdrew out of sight altogether, of any who might pass during daylight even.

Young Mackintosh could scarcely conceal his anxiety and impatience. If Nick had settled in his mind where they were to look for Miona, he saw no reason why they should not press on at once, and take time by the forelock.

"We expect to make our search there, Nick, and why wait until our foes are ahead of us?"

"Trust to me, trust to me," was the reply.

"It may be that the Red Bear will come down the creek to-night, and if that is so, we'll run afoul of him, as sure as the world."

"Why not go overland? It's only a matter of ten miles or so, and we can make it in a couple of hours."

"And leave a trail, that'll be sartin to betray us."

"Well, as you please then," replied Ned, settling himself back in the expectation of spending a number of weary hours.

You ought to have learned the virtue of patience, when you was Ned Hazel, tramp in the woods with me. Don't you know the Esquimaux of the upper Hudson Bay will set for a dozen hours by the air-hole in the ice waiting for the seal to come up and get speared?"

"I hope you don't expect we are going to do the same?"

"Not unless it is necessary, but we must wait; the Whiffles family always had the faculty of waiting. Fact of it was, some of 'em waited too long, and for all I know, some of 'em are still waiting—Hullo!"

At this juncture, Calamity gave utterance to a low, almost inaudible growl, and springing to their feet, both the men were at his side in an instant.

The faint moon, of which Nick had spoken, had risen, and was already overhead, so that they could both see to the opposite side of the narrow creek.

"Sh!" whispered the trapper, "some one is comin'."

The ripple of oars was plainly discernible, and while they were straining their eyes to pierce the gloom, they saw a small canoe, with two Indians in it, making its way upstream.

It was near the center of the creek, and moving in a manner which showed the occupants had no fear or thought of discovery upon the part of convans or interlopers.

Nick was especially anxious to learn whether one of the men was Red Bear or not, but there was not sufficient light for the purpose, although he was satisfied in his own mind that the young chief was in the boat.

The two men scarcely breathed until the canoe had passed up out of sight. Then the trapper noiselessly launched his own canoe, and entering, Calamity was placed in the bow.

"The pup can see further in the dark than his master, and when he can't see one of the varmints, he can scent him. You see, it won't do to run afoul of Red Bear."

"Why won't it do?" demanded Ned.

"There are as many in this boat. We have rifles, and I carry a Colt's revolver. We could put both of them out of our path as well as not, and I'd like to do it."

"When you've as many gray hairs in your head as I have, you won't be quite so eager to send a ball through the head of any critter that happens to cross your path."

"You won't shrink from it if it should become necessary?"

"Exactly; but it ain't become necessary. Ned; if Woo-wol-na keeps in our way, I'd shoot him, but if we kin get the gal out of their hands without harming a red-skin, I'm going to do it. When I was on my first war-path, it was just the other way, but I kin tell you, Ned, this killing people is a bad business, any way you can fix it, and to my mind, any man is guilty that wants to do it."

"You are right," replied Ned, who could but agree with the humanitarian sentiments of the old hunter, who could pass through so many scenes of violence and bloodshed, and still, like a Christian warrior, retain a yearning love for peace and quietness.

"My whole heart is bent on gaining Miona from their hands," added the lover.

"I have prayed and longed for this day; I can never leave American territory without her, and I will stop at no danger or sacrifice to accomplish my purpose."

"Just so," replied the imperturbable Nick, as he softly dipped his paddle and kept the boat to its course. "Your heart is full of love, and when a man is in that kettle, I take it that he's blind to prudence and common sense. If you was to undertake this business alone, the end of it would be that you'd have your hair raised, and would go under afore you had fairly started."

The sober thought of Mackintosh admitted the truth of all the trapper had uttered, and he could not refuse to acquiesce in his cool judgment and prudent deliberation.

All this time the canoe was moving up the creek with the silence of some aquatic monster stealing his way through a gantlet of enemies to some safe retreat in the ocean beyond. There was little likelihood of the boat ahead checking its speed, or being overtaken by its pursuer; but nevertheless there was a possibility, and Nick Whiffles was not the one to let his haste run him into any "condemned diffidly" of that nature.

Calamity showed a realizing sense of the responsibility that rested upon his canine shoulders. Sitting on his haunches, with his forepaws resting upon the gunwale of the prow, he peered into the darkness, every sense on the alert for the dusky foes in advance.

The sound of a rustling leaf did not escape him, nor did it deceive him. He had hunted and roamed too many years with his master to need any instruction at this late day. Nick knew exactly what the capabilities of the brute were, and precisely how far he was to be depended upon; so, while he kept the canoe cautiously gliding up one bank, he found time to hold whispered converse with his companion, scarcely looking ahead, but leaving that duty to his faithful friend.

Mile after mile glided behind them, and they were drawing near the spot where they believed the beautiful, the loving, the trusting Miona was longingly awaiting their coming.

Ned Mackintosh became silent and thoughtful. The belief that the critical moment for which he had been waiting through four long, weary years, was at hand; that she toward whom his thoughts had turned, during all that time, when the broad ocean rolled between them, was now within a few miles, and that every moment was drawing them nearer together, filled him again with a nervous uneasiness which he controlled with much difficulty, and which did not escape the observant eye of the old trapper.

You must get over that," admonished the latter, "for if you don't, you won't be good for any thing, and I'll leave you ashore."

He strove manfully, and after a time he gained more mastery over himself.

"I will be all right when the time comes," he replied.

"The time has come now," said Nick, as with one sweep of his paddle he ran the prow against the land and stepped out.

"What does this mean?" asked Ned, in some astonishment.

"Them lodges that I was talking about ain't two hundred yards from this spot."

"Is it possible?" was the exclamation of the young man, as he stepped out, and where were we to do now?"

"You're to lay here, while me and the pup go forward and rickynooter a little; and, Ned," he added, in his most impressive manner, "do you promise to mind me to the very letter?"

"Of course I do," answered Ned, "and all right; then don't move six feet from here till I give you word. I'll be back soon."

The next minute Ned Mackintosh was alone.

About an hour passed, when Nick Whiffles returned with the noiselessness that characterized all his movements, and stooping down beside his young friend, he placed his hand upon his shoulder, and said:

"Ned, we've found the place where the varmints have hid the gal."

## CHAPTER IX

### A FINGER ON THE TRIGGER.

AFTER making his startling announcement to Ned Mackintosh, Nick Whiffles explained it in substance as follows:

Upon leaving him in company with Calamity, the two had moved stealthily forward, until they reached the desolate clearing where stood the "ruins" of what had once been a large and stirring Blackfoot village. These ruins consisted of three lodges only, in two of which lights were burning. In one of these were seated Red Bear and two warriors, the three engaged in smoking, and discussing some important matter.

There was difficulty in gaining a view of the interior of the other, as the entrance was closed; but, after lying down in front of it for a half-hour, it was opened, and an old squaw, that Nick recognized as the mother of Red Bear, came out and went to the lodge in which were seated her son and his three companions.

This was the very lodge in which Nick Whiffles had lain in wait more than thirty years before, and as the buffalo-skin door was pulled aside, he saw, plainly and distinctly, Miona seated upon the ground, in front of a small fire, engaged in knitting some bead ornament. The firelight shone full upon her face, so that there was no mistake about it.

"Nick," said Mackintosh, at this point in his narrative, "as you love me, grant me one favor!"

"What is it?"

"Take me to the spot where you crouched, when you saw her, there let me stay one minute and look upon her face!"

"But be danger!"

"You can trust me. Remember I have not seen her for four years. I can be as quiet and stealthy about it as you!"

"Well, I'll do it. Come along!"

They stole their way through the wood and across the clearing in the direction of one of the lodges, in which a light could be seen shining, moving with the stealth of men who knew that a single false step would be paid by the penalty of their lives.

The whole affair was in opposition to the sense of Nick Whiffles, but he could not will refuse the request of his young friend, made as it was with such direct earnestness to him.

Finally Nick paused and whispered:

"Crawl to that spot, and lay flat down, and if the gal hasn't changed her position, you'll see her face a banded sight plainer than you can see mine."

Ned did as requested, and complete success crowned the effort. He saw Miona seated in front of a fire engaged with some fancy work, and seemingly as quiet and unsuspecting, as though seated among her own friends.

Her head was bent, so that the view was not as good as could be desired; but such as it was, it made the heart of the lover bound with delight.

Ay, there she sat; the loved of his heart; she of whom he had dreamed for the four years past, and for whom he had hastened to cross the ocean—she who returned his yearning affection, and who, he fondly believed, was at that moment thinking of him as yet far away from her.

The wish of Mackintosh was that she would raise her head, before he was com-

pelled to withdraw, and this pleasure was also afforded him.

While his eyes were intently fixed upon her countenance, she suddenly looked up, as if some noise at the entrance of the lodge had attracted her attention. This afforded the very view for which Ned was so anxious. There was a startled expression upon the face of Miona, that rendered her beauty more striking. The lustrous eyes looked darker, and the excitement gave a flushed appearance that rendered her captivating in the highest degree.

"Oh! if she but knew I were here!" sighed his hero, who felt an almost irresistible impulse to rush forward and claim her, if she would but come forth, and go with us at once!"

In a moment she lowered her gaze again, and resumed her work; and feeling that it was incumbent upon him to do so, Mackintosh withdrew and rejoined the trapper.

"Now I s'pose you feel easier," remarked the latter, as they stealthily retreated to the cover of the woods again.

"Yes, and I am thankful to you for the kindness you showed me. I had a good view of her face. And now what do you propose to do?"

"We must wait here, and find out what they're driving at. We mought get the gal, but it won't hurt to wait awhile, and it's better to be sartin afore you move in such a matter."

Nick supposed he was right, but it was very hard to be governed by the same deliberation, at a time when he believed that a bold dash would end the matter at once in their favor, but he forced himself, to assent and wait the pleasure of his old friend.

The entrance to the other lodge remained closed, so that it was impossible to tell what was going on in there; but there was little doubt that their consultation concerned Miona.

It was very easy, and would have been very characteristic in Red Bear to use force in compelling her to become his wife; but it seemed that he hesitated at this step, until it became certain that no other means would succeed.

Nick Whiffles more than once was on the point of stealing forward and apprising Miona of their presence so that she might be prepared to second any movement in her own behalf; but he resolutely restrained himself.

However, he thought the time had come when Calamity could take a hand in the business, and he turned to Ned.

"Have you got pencil and paper?"

"Yes."

"Then get something ready, and we'll try and send the pup in with it!"

Mackintosh was glad enough to do so, and as well as he could in the darkness, he penned the following:

"DEAREST MIONA: I am near you, watching for a chance to get you out of the hands of your enemies. By the assistance of you and him, I was saved from death in the cavern. He has been to see Woo-wol-na, who told him that you were dead. As you already know, the old chief is determined that you shall be the wife of Red Bear, and has attempted to deceive us; Nick and I have begun by leading the request of her lover, and had been unusually bland and conciliatory. This, however, had produced the opposite effect from what was intended, and he had made urgent demands for her to leave this "country seat" at once. She had dallied with him as long as she could, and finding herself unable to convince him of his error, she had ended by flatly refusing to accompany him."

Red Bear rose from his seat in his anger and gesticulated savagely toward her. At this juncture Calamity whisked out of the lodge so skillfully that even Miona herself did not see him, and hurried straight to his master with the missive about his neck.

Mackintosh would have hastened to the animal to claim the precious letter he bore, had he not been enchaind to the spot by the threatening character of the interview between the Indian and the loved one of his heart.

There was no telling but what the savage, in his fury, might offer her violence, and he felt it incumbent to remain near enough to protect her.

Let the dusky scoundrel! but attempt to lay his hand upon her!" muttered Ned, as he cautiously brought his rifle round to position, and "I'll crack that shaven skull of his quicker than lightning!"

Red Bear gesticulated furiously, but, as he still held no weapon in his hand, Mackintosh reserved his fire. He seemed to be arguing vehemently to Miona, who sat quiet and collected, still engaged in her bead-work, and only now and then looking up in his face.

What her replies were could only be divined, but the passion of the Indian seemed to increase, until there could be no doubt that the girl was really in danger. Suddenly Ned saw a knife gleaming in his hand, and he felt that it would not do to delay longer.

So he aimed straight at the head of the Blackfoot chief.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 62.)

## Save Your Eyes!

Dr. Williams still continues his admirable papers in the Atlantic in regard to the Eyes. He especially points to the danger of small print, both in books and papers, and advises the rejection, by old and young persons, of all illegible or fine print.

This is good advice. The vast number of near-sighted persons, and of those whose eyesight fails, at an early age, is a standing warning against small type and dirty press-work.

The tendency to crowd much matter in a small space produced the "Diamond Editions of Tennyson, Longfellow," etc., but the result has been anything but gratifying to readers; and "Diamonds" are now at an immense discount, beautifully printed though they are.

But, when superadded to very fine type we have dirty printing, on cheap, fuzzy paper of some of our popular Weeklies, the damage to the eyesight, especially of the young, is deplorable, indeed. Let those who are at all considerate of results think of this.

## A Public Benefactor.

"He who makes two spears of grain grow where only one grew before," is called a benefactor. How much more is he a public benefactor who taking a good weekly paper loans it to friends and neighbors until all have perused it!

A correspondent from Oakland, Ill., says: "I have so many to loan my paper to that it is with difficulty I can get it back, and when it does come in it is almost worn out, so many have read it. When the paper comes everybody looks for it with longing eyes."

We admire the spirit of benevolence which actuates the subscriber. He certainly is self-sacrificing—but, wouldn't it be well for some of his dependent friends to own a paper for themselves, just to see how it would feel?

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## The New Romance

### The Forest, the Trail, and the Cabin Home!

We shall commence, in our coming issue, a romance of the Settlements and Wilderness, which, in the novel nature of its incidents and dramatic personages, will most charmingly supplement the splendid forest story, "Blackfoot Queen," now running in these columns. It is,

## THE AVENGING ANGELS;

### The Bandit Brothers of the Scioto.

By the author of "Silent Hunter," "Queen of the Woods," etc., etc.

Located in the Sylvan Shades of the "Beautiful Land"—an Eastern Kentucky was formed in Early Times—the residence of Judge Wilson and his charming family became the center of a series of startling and intensely interesting incidents, illustrative equally of the perils of that Wood Paradise and of the forcible elements there are in the human heart when the restraining influences of a civilized community are cast aside.

The story is managed with consummate skill in the use of its material. The five brothers—renegades and bandits—are thrown in powerful contrast and contact with the beautiful daughters of the Judge; and the noble self-sacrifice of the Avengers is a foil to the fierce Shawnees, whose red trail ran over all that Forest Garden.

In the character of the Noble Hero, the author associates the wonderful qualities of the Indian—his devotion, his courage, his sagacity, his truthfulness—with those of his white brothers, whose cause he has espoused; and throughout all their fortunes this heroic Prince of the Woods towers up in the camp and in the fierce fight alike, a very center of interest.

There is, too, in the romance, a very touching vein of pathos. The females of the destroyed home, involved in the meshes of the Bandit Brothers, are elements of marked beauty; and their love, as well as the love bestowed upon them, give to the story a feature at once pleasing and thrilling.

The lovers of Forest, Indian and Love Tales will welcome this splendid production of a skilled hand, as another of that series of serials which has rendered the SATURDAY JOURNAL noted among popular papers.

## THE GREAT SOCIAL PROBLEM.

"How shall I keep body and soul together?" Nine-tenths of the world spend all their lives in trying to solve this difficult question. Capable writers, not at all given to sensation, who have devoted much time to the subject—the very able English author, for instance, who writes under the nom de plume of "An Amateur Casual"—estimate that in our great cities many hundreds rise in the morning who haven't an idea where they will get their bread during the day, or where they will lay their heads at night.

"There is work for all if they will but seek and take it!" we fancy we hear a reader exclaim. Very true; but the difficulty is to bring the work and the man together.

In the broad acceptance of the term, we are all brothers. Our true mission in the world is to help one another. But, the rich have very little idea of what the poor suffer. A French Princess once said, when told that the poor of Paris were starving, that she would rather eat black bread and mutton than starve. So it is with our rich people; although few of them are born to wealth, they soon forget the poverty they rise from, and wonder how it can be possible for people to starve in great, in wealthy New York!

And who are the poor? The laboring men who work in the streets and on public improvements at so much per day? No; these can generally get enough to do. The true poor are those who work more with their brains than with their hands; those to whom Heaven has denied the gift of bodily strength; those who have wasted all the best of their young lives in studies by the midnight lamp, and whose faces are "sickled o'er with the pale cast of thought." The young doctor, lawyer, engineer, artist, and other professional men—the race that has given to history a "Fulton" and a "Howe."

These men are the ones who suffer most. Were they to apply to a street contractor to shovel dirt, they would be laughed at. They may be brawny in brain, but not in muscle.

Too proud to beg, they suffer in silence. They steal from the stomach that they may clothe the back and preserve an outward semblance of prosperity. The coat, buttoned tightly to the throat, conceals the dirty linen, or perhaps, the want of it.

How can we aid this great class of sufferers? The free distribution of coal and soup tickets benefit them but little.

Listen to the magic words.

A CHEAP RESTAURANT!  
The city of Edinburgh, in Scotland, leads the van. Her cheap restaurants, with free reading-rooms attached, have benefited thousands.

It is not charity, but a business speculation. The poor man does not feel that he is a beggar receiving alms. He pays the trifle demanded and owes no man thanks for favor received.

Who will be the first of our rich men to hand his name down to posterity as the benefactor of his fellow-creatures?

The honor can be cheaply bought. It won't cost half as much as an opera house, or a stable of fast horses per year.

Establish a cheap eating-house, with a reading-room attached. Give a bowl of soup and a cup of coffee for five cents, and if inclined to do the thing nicely, throw in a roll!

Make it possible for a man to keep life within him for thirty-five cents per week!

And between every sup of soup and

draught of coffee, the pallid lips of some poor being, saved from starvation, will murmur the name of the benefactor, who, like the Moslem of story, loved his fellow-men. Grateful prayers, like holy incense, will rise to heaven.

Is not the respect of the world, of good men and honest women, worth far more than the humble cringe of the liveried follower, or the false smile of some jeweled Aspasia?

Oh, wise men, rich in worldly goods, give some little of your store to save your fellow-beings from the dread pangs of starvation!

Save the hollow-eyed man of genius from the iron fetters that cramp in his soul; and in payment, from his teeming brain may come some great invention that will improve the status of the world, and make the name of the wise rich man blessed forever in the judgment book above.

## Foolscap Papers.

### My Great Story.

SHE sat at the window. The day was drawing to a close; the golden sunset had blossomed in the western sky, but its beautiful colors had faded before the advancing glooms of the twilight, though the moon shed her subdued glories upon the silent earth, and she was eighteen years old, with hair decidedly brown—the girl, not the woman.

She was the prettiest girl in the world!

[The money which I am to get for this thrilling story has been partly advanced by the editor, but that will have no effect on the plot. It is all gone now.]

Ever and anon this beautiful maiden would put her head out of the above mentioned window and cast her longing eyes up the road toward the little village, and murmur to herself, "Why don't he come?"

[How this pen splutters! It just now spoils the best part of this story, which has to be perfect or the editor will demand back the money he advanced, and I never could raise it again.]

It will be necessary to describe the parlor over which this maiden shed such an excellent perfume of "Jockey Club." The piano occupied the corner on the right; it was only rented at ten dollars a month; the dealer wanted fifteen, but he allowed himself to be jeweled down.

[I was thinking while I was eating so many of these foolish balls for supper to-night whether or not my inspiration would be sufficient to handle this story well. I was afraid it wouldn't, but I can write well under all circumstances.]

The flowered carpet covered almost the entire room, and the pictures on the walls (which had been purchased for original paintings) were fine chromos, but, by far, the best piece of furniture in the room was the young lady at the window, clad in the best colors suitable to her complexion, and ever and anon glancing out of the window and up the road.

[If I wasn't going to get so much for this story I wouldn't begin to use so much fine language, nor pay so much attention to the characters, nor follow out the plot so minutely and so masterly.]

A light shade of disappointment was continually creeping over her fair features, and her usually light heart had the appearance of being sorrowful.

[Some writers are always running off the subject, and, indeed, I have read one story where the author stops in a very sentimental part and goes on talking about pigs; this is not right. A good story should run along smoothly without any digression at all.]

I was thinking if I had not better go and get the balance of the money due me on this story; my shoemaker, who just now called in, advises me to do so, and says he will write at the story while I am gone. But, I will allow him to wait, and will not digress.]

It was very evident from her general appearance that she was looking for somebody who hadn't come, and, judging from her use of the pronoun *he*, that person was a man.

[We will go on with our story, just as if there were not six children down-stairs making so much noise that I have serious thoughts of taking a room in the deaf and dumb asylum until I finish this story.]

It will naturally suggest itself to the reader of this story, which the editor is very anxiously awaiting for various reasons, that the man she was looking for was her lover, and that his delay was the principal cause of all her sorrow. The moonlight stole softly in at her window and fell on the floor at her feet, but didn't hurt itself, and she looked out again and murmured, "Will he never come?" and then the tears of disappointment arose in her eyes. Dear reader, don't get mad because that person she looks for don't hurry. I can't see why he wasn't there half an hour ago, but novelists dare not tell every thing at once.

[I just then dipped my pen in a bottle of mud and tried to write with it. I found I can't write English with it, but, if I could write in gum-arabic, who could ever translate this story? But I must stick to my story.]

He promised he would be here ere it was so late, she said, with a sigh, and she impatiently brushed away a tear that was on the point of falling—not with a brush but a handkerchief.

[I am getting to be very well pleased with the manner in which this remarkable story is progressing, and have serious thoughts of raising the price on it. It would be no more than right, I am sure.]

All at once she started, brightened, and turning her ears in the direction of the village, she recognized the sound of footsteps. "He comes, thank goodness!" she said, and the smiles began, to chase each other over her face.

[Then, I got so happy to think he was coming that I upset the ink over this story and on my light gray pants. This is what a great author has to suffer for the blessed privilege of writing the best story that ever was read. The editor has just sent me a note requesting me to send what I have got written, and let the balance go, but I am so close to the conclusion that I can't conclude without closing. I have been just two hours on it, and it is as good or even better than if I had been two months at it.]

The footsteps approach; the door opens. The catastrophe of this story, although not entirely after the latest English models, is grand in conception, and is well worth alone the price of the whole.]

When I conclude to write another great story for twice the money, I will advertise it six months beforehand in the Ben Franklin Almanac for 1820.

P. S.—This admirable story will be published in book-form before the next holiday season, bound in beveled boards, tongued and grooved, and illustrated by engravings on brick by the best artists. There will be six full plates and one hundred and fifty small dishes. The first will represent the author as he appears standing on his head before a large audience; the last will represent the author as a mermaid riding six horses. It will be printed on the finest dined ice cream-laid paper, and will read from right to left for the benefit of left-handed people, and from the center both ways for the benefit of cross-eyed folks. Sold by subscription only.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORSE.

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But, of good news, always tell the whole. If Annanta Jane is going to get a good man for a husband—if the deacon has given every poor woman in the parish a bag of flour—let the world know it.

Now, a word to my friends, the daily papers. If a divorce case, or a murderous affray comes up before the courts, why go in to the sickening and disgusting details? Some of these accounts are enough to make any decent woman blush. There is no need of these particulars. You do not gain the good will of those whose praise is worth the having, but you can not think how much censure you are likely to obtain. Let us have a pure press by all means. Give us but half of these details, Messrs. Editors, and you will have the praise of all good men and women.

If Mr. A. owes a bill at the grocery, which he is unable to pay, why should he din the excuse into the grocer's ears that he will send it in soon, as he only has large bank notes with him? Come, Mr. A., be honest about your poverty, and tell the whole truth, which is—you haven't any money about you, but, as soon as you get some, you will settle.

If Mrs. B. sees an expensive dress, which is beyond her power to purchase, and which she is "crazy to have," is it not better for her to be out with the whole truth, that she can not afford it, than to say—"It does not exactly suit me?"

What's the use of discouraging young aspirants for literary honors by telling them that they haven't one spark of talent in them, and that the portals of Fame will never be opened to them? Half of their faults is enough to inform them of. "Respectfully declined" is but half the story, but "Rejected" tells the whole, and, between you and me, kind reader, I had far rather hear only the half, hadn't you?

And, when I make a call at your house, and I ask you if I intrude, I don't want you to remark that you are real glad to see me, only you are very tired. I had far rather hear you say you would prefer me to come at some other time. This would be the whole truth, and the whole truth is no unpalatable pill then, to EYE LAWLESS.

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## Readers and Contributors.

To Correspondents and Authors.—No MSS. received that are not duly prepaid in postage. No MSS. prepared for future orders. Unavailable MSS. promptly returned only when stamps accompany the tenders for such return. Our writers are paid for their services every four weeks, or fraction thereof, but must be marked Book, MS., and be sealed in envelopes with open end, in order to pass the mails at "Book rates." No correspondence of any nature is publishable in a package marked as "Book MS." MSS. which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS. as "copy" (third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter. We never return on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and contributors. We want no MSS. rejected by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS. unavailable to us are well worthy of use. All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention. Correspondents must look to the columns of MSS. and not to the editorial page. We can not write letters except in special cases.

No use can be made of MSS. "Sixteenth Amendment," "Brides of Bridgeton," "Abel Jones' Vow," "Great Expectations," No stamps. Postage on first-named underpaid. We return "tragedy at the State" MSS. as such, being quite imperfect. We have no time for correcting and revising. Whatever we use must be perfect as "copy." We will continue the author's subscription, since the SATURDAY JOURNAL appears to be so essential to him. "The Brother's Testimony," not available. Filed with other MSS. by same author. The story is good, but quite too long for our needs. "The Minister's Love" we will file for use. "Poem," "Our Darling," unavailable. No stamps.—Poems by Marline Manly, hardly good enough for our needs. Other Journals may use them. No stamps.—MS. "Joe Chasing's Hilarity," not available. Returned. The same as to "A Peace Offering," "Sarah Porter's Test," "Slaves of Self," "Ninth of June," "Pearls and Swine," "A Peasant's Love." In regard to the latter we may say we want no stories of foreign people and circumstances. We want to write for the people of our own life and people.—We return poem "Lisette,"—Rhymes by S. P. J. are decidedly rough. The author will have to learn the principles of composition before he essays to write for the press. We sincerely thank him for his good opinion of the SATURDAY JOURNAL.—Poem, "Welcome Spring," we can not use. The author should say what he wants to write poetry, we should say—Will use sketches, "Diver's Peril," "Fatal Fire," "Pfeiffer the Traitor," "A Sioux Trick," "Red Cloud's Story."

"Is Eye Lawless really an unmarried woman?" asks a correspondent in Indianapolis. Well, suppose she isn't? As she is "Lawless" you see she is herself, married or unmarried. But, judging from what she writes, we should say she is married, and, if so, we should say she is a married man—not enough to prevent her fancy eyes from doing immense damage among those just growing their first mustache.

GRACE GHOVER writes to know if real high boots are the style now. Certainly they are. Judging from the boots in the Broadway windows we should say that, by another season, the "ad" will be wearing men's top boots covering the knees. It all comes of their agitation about woman's rights. To show us that she is just as good as any other man, lovely woman is going to don big boots, plug hats, cigars and all.

The work mentioned by J. H. A. Thornton, Ind., is not our kind. The "history" may have been a true one, but certainly is one we should not care to repeat, in any shape.

"How can I write most acceptably for the editor and printer?" asks a contributor. We answer: First, by writing a perfectly legible and correct manuscript; second, by writing on one side only of white paper, commercial note size—foolscap being too large, covering up too much of the printer's case; third, by leaving off at the end of each page, and properly paging or folioing it; fourth, by re-imitting it to us in flat or folded shape—never rolling it. At this gives the MS. a good appearance, and commends it to the editor. Let us whisper, too, that many badly written MSS. on large papers are not read at all by editors, who are hard pressed for time, and whose hands already are full of good things.

It is utterly useless, we again state, for writers to send us MSS. without stamps, and yet ask us to address them. We address no MSS. without stamps, on our business, and pay the postage for the privilege!

L. C. BATES writes to express his admiration of the SATURDAY JOURNAL—having tired of and discarded the other popular papers in the United States, he names another paper as near the style of the SATURDAY JOURNAL as possible. There is no paper in this country just like our journal—none so thoroughly American and so equipped with the spirit of our broad and genial intelligence. In England, *Bow Bells Weekly* is to British popular journals what the SATURDAY JOURNAL is to ours. The excellence and popularity of the London weekly may be inferred from the fact that several of our leading weeklies appropriate their serials freely from its columns. If Mr. Bates could give us *Bells* it would, doubtless, give him great satisfaction.

S. S. P. The fancy-colored inks are all well enough for correspondence, but for writing on black ink, as far as the best both for compositor and Editor. Likewise use white paper.

SAMMY don't like to have so much of our "valuable paper" devoted to the "wonderful" and "marvellous." I am a very serious person; so we'll keep on publishing funny things, hoping to make him smile. If we fail we'll turn him over to the vinegar makers.

E. W. B. says: "I think the SATURDAY JOURNAL the best conducted story paper in the United States. It is destined to go ahead of all the weeklies." It certainly is not destined to be the "Bells" for public favor. So long as merit is the criterion of success we shall be abundantly satisfied with the fruits of our labors.

JENNIE JUNE is Mrs. D. G. Croly of this city. She is a lady of much talent, and is not a "fashionable dressmaker," as our correspondent—Mrs. C. G. of Rochester—seems to infer. At No. 315, Broadway, Demorest, is one of the "strong-minded." She believes most devoutly in woman's mission to do what she can do well; but she is a thorough woman, for all that, as her love of dress, her devotion to fashion and her presidency of the "Societas" sisterhood testify.

P. BEVELL wishes to know if there is a recruiting office for infantry in Cincinnati

## REVERIE.

BY ESPERANCE.

Into my world there floateth,  
From distant silver spheres,  
Such a wondrous sound of music,  
Filling my delighted ears  
With the subtle soul of pleasure,  
That its measure,  
Rich and low,  
Charms me so  
I half forget the weary coming years.  
As it steals through rose-hued chamber,  
Its notes seem half akin  
To the mellow hum of sunshine,  
Or dark eyes through gauzes thin;  
Laughter soft and jewels gleaming;  
Tresses streaming,  
All things sweet  
Seem to meet  
Around my couch and still the outer din.  
These melodious vibrations,  
Steadily grand, or gayly sweet,  
Echo now the hymns of thousands;  
Now swift bells on glancing feet  
Tell of perfumes, tell of snowflakes;  
Now the wave breaks  
On the shore  
Evermore,  
In flecks of foam, the moon-kissed sands to greet.  
Oh, breathless life and listen,  
Of doth it weirdly chance  
That my soul thrills of a sudden  
"Nearth some passing son's warm glance,  
And I live a life that's painless,  
Pure and stainless;  
Where no throb,  
Or the sob  
Of labored breath, can ever break my trance.

## Strange Stories.

## RAVEN OF RAVENHILL.

A LEGEND OF WALES.

BY AGILE PENNE.

ANGRY storm-clouds were scudding across the leaden-colored sky. The white top of Snowden's Peak—the giant of the hills—was breaking the black clouds, as the furious wind drove the dark masses against it. It was in the time of James, the First, the Scottish king, whom the death of the second Charles had called to the English throne.

A small hunting-party, noble gentlemen and ladies fair, had halted by the mountain's side and were casting many an anxious glance up at the stormy sky.

"By my faith, we must find shelter or we shall get a ducking!" cried a stalwart cavalier, known as Roland Cardower. He was a landed gentleman, of great wealth. By his side, rode his sister, Maud; a fair type of the blooming English beauty, with her golden curls and full, blue eyes.

"Ay, but where shall we find shelter?" cried a younger cavalier than Roland, by name, Edward Graham.

"Yonder!" exclaimed Cardower, pointing to a dark pile of ruins, far to the north. "What! seek shelter in Ravenhill?" cried Graham, in astonishment.

"And why not? The night will soon be here. We are far from home, and the storm threatens. In the ruins of Ravenhill, we can find shelter for the night."

As her brother's words fell upon Maud's ears she could not repress a slight start.

Maud's emotion was noticed by the dark-eyed beauty, Lucy Graham, who rode by her side, and noticed by her alone.

"Come, then, for Ravenhill!" cried Graham, and the party rode on.

As they proceeded, Lucy Graham seized a favorable moment to exchange a few words in secret with Maud.

"Why did my sweet Maud start at the mention of Ravenhill?" she asked. "Is it possible that Maud Cardower still loves the heir to ruined Ravenhill's glories?"

"Yes," replied Maud, with a hurried glance around to note if any one was nigh to overhear her words. "Lucy, I will confide all to you. You know that Gerald Raven, the last of the proud Ravens of Ravenhill, who once held yonder ruined castle, was my lover. But he was poor, and my haughty brother would not listen to his suit. He left England and sought for fortune in foreign lands. Now he has returned. I have seen him. We arranged to meet to-night in yonder ruins and then—"

"You are to fly with him?"

"Yes."

"But will not our visit to the castle interfere with your plans?"

"I think that I can steal away. We were to meet just after midnight in the moat by the western gate. He will guess that our party has sought shelter from the storm in the ruins, and be careful."

The hunting-party entered the ruins just as the shades of night were veiling in the earth.

Fires were lighted in the great hall of the ruined castle, and the visitors prepared for the night.

The threatened storm had passed away, but inky darkness covered all objects with its mantle of gloom.

The cavaliers and ladies gathered around the fires; the fustian that the servants carried was dismissed, and merry tale and jest passed quickly around.

"Is there not some story connected with this ruin?" asked one of the ladies.

"Yes, but 'tis a horrible tale," replied Graham.

"Let us have it, by all means!" cried a cavalier, gayly.

"Attention then for the story of the Ravens of Ravenhill. Just before the revolution that cost good King Charles his crown and head, there were two brothers, Richard and Alan, the last of the race of Raven. Richard, the elder, held this castle. Alan, the younger, was a wild and desperate blade. The brothers did not agree, for they were as unlike as day and night. When the revolution commenced, and the Roundheads under Cromwell and Fairfax were pressing the royal troops hard, Richard Raven held stoutly for his king. Alan, on the contrary, espoused the cause of the Parliament, and one night, with a band of ruffians, surprised this castle. With his own hand, in yonder room, he killed his brother, and threw the bleeding corpse from the window into the court-yard."

All the listeners involuntarily turned their eyes in the direction that Graham indicated. They saw a massive iron doorway; beyond that, inky darkness, and then they turned again to Graham.

Maud's eyes alone lingered on the doorway, and, to her astonishment, she saw the white face of her lover, Gerald Raven, framed by the darkness. Slowly he beckoned for her to come. Seated as Maud was, apart from the rest, she easily gained the doorway and disappeared in the gloom without her action being noticed by any of the party grouped around the fire.

"Alan Raven having won the castle, kept it," said Graham, continuing the story. "Many a deed of horror did he and his ruthless followers commit, and the name of Raven of Ravenhill made all tremble. It was said, too, that this same Alan was in league with the Powers of Darkness; that he was deep in the mysteries of the Black Art, the occult science that he had studied in Italy. A strange old Italian servant, who followed at his heels like a dog, was said to be the agent, by means of which Alan Raven communed with the spirits of the dead."

"But, the powers of evil could not save him from earthly vengeance. By a sudden attack, the royal forces surprised Ravenhill castle; the garrison was put to the sword and Alan Raven was flung headlong from the same window whence, but a year before, his fratricidal hand had flung his brother. One alone escaped the slaughter, the Italian servant. By means of a secret portal he fled. In the morning, when the victors looked for the body of Alan Raven, it had disappeared. The soldiers cried that the Evil One had claimed his own. This happened some fifty years ago, and since that time the spirit of Alan Raven, men say, has been seen in the full light of the new moon pacing along the towers of these ruins."

"But, who is this young Gerald Raven?" asked one of the cavaliers.

"A descendant of Richard Raven, a grandson. His father, then a boy, was in France at the time of Richard's death, and so escaped his father's fate. The family were ruined by the revolution and have never attempted to build up these ruins."

A piercing scream rang out on the still air. Started, with white faces, all of the little party sprung to their feet.

Then forth from the darkness of the arched portal, staggered Maud Cardower and fell with a stifled groan by the side of the fire.

Eagerly her brother sprang to her side. She was dead!

No wound, save in her white throat where there were some strange red marks like the print of teeth.

Horror-stricken, the little group of cavaliers and ladies, gazed upon the pallid face of the fair girl who but a moment before had been in their midst in the ripe fullness of health.

"Who can have done this?" cried the brother, with trembling lips.

Then from the gloom of the doorway came a figure as if in answer to the question. Without thought, save that he looked

upon the murderer of his sister, Roland drew his pistol, leveled it at the stranger and fired.

With a deep sigh, the unknown staggered into the room and fell upon his knees.

Wildly the stranger pressed his hand upon his breast.

"The life-blood was flowing, freely," replied Roland, with a shudder. "Such a task I would not do again to save myself from death. As I climbed the mountain's side, it seemed as if the air was full of dark shapes hovering around me, and evil, shadowy hands seemed trying to pluck the corpse from my shoulder."

"Come with me," said Gerald, solemnly; "if the old legend be not false, we shall see a terrible sight."

Without a word, the two followed Raven's lead.

Concealed by a jutting rock, the three crouched down and watched the dark form of the stranger extended upon the rock.

The moon climbed slowly up in the heavens, the soft beams whitened the mountain-peaks; they fell upon the face of the dead man.

Stronger and stronger grew the moonbeams. The body moved convulsively, then rose to its knees, and then to its feet. The stranger, thus restored to life, tore open his doublet and shirt, exposing the wound in his bosom to the rays of the moon.

"Death, I defy thee!" he cried, in metallic tones.

A pistol-shot, fired by Gerald, answered his defiance. The stranger uttered a howl of agony, then fell from the Peak, and was dashed into a thousand pieces in the dark ravine below, where the moonbeams never came.

"I have destroyed the demon of my race!" Gerald cried. "That was the spirit of Alan Raven—a vampire who fed on human blood. The life-current in his veins was stolen from his victims. From the wound in the throat he sucked their blood. Should he be killed by mortal hand, the moonbeams had power to restore him to life, if such an existence as his can be called life."

The spell was broken. The ruins of Ravenhill were haunted no more. Far down in the deep, dark ravine molder the bones of Raven of Ravenhill.

The "great snow storm," as it is called by our fathers, was from the 30th to the 24th of February, 1717. The snow, which varied from fifteen to twenty feet in depth, covered the one-story houses then so common in New England. Cotton Mather described it as "an horrid snow."

Roland departed with his burthen to perform his vow.

Hardly had he left the ruined hall, when young Gerald Raven entered it. He came from the chamber where his promised wife had met her death.

Raven had been detained by the lameness of his horse, who had cast a shoe on the rough mountain road. Not finding Maud at the appointed place of meeting, he had come boldly in, determined to claim her of her brother.

Wild was the anguish of the young lover as he knelt by the body of the woman he had loved and lost. But when he heard the story of the death of the man who bore such a strange resemblance to him, and examined the red marks in the throat of Maud, a terrible suspicion shot through his brain. He remembered a strange old legend told by his father, and the hero was Raven of Ravenhill.

"Who will go with me to the Peak of Snowden?" Gerald cried, springing to his feet.

"I!" replied Graham, who was a school-fellow of young Raven.

"Come, then, in heaven's name!" exclaimed Gerald, evidently under the influence of some strong emotion. "Perhaps it is my fate to destroy the terrible curse that clings to the ruins of Ravenhill, for know, Graham, that no man, woman or child ever passed a night within these fatal ruins, and lived to see the morning light."

"But the murderer?" cried Graham, in horror.

"Some terrible being who craves human blood! One wound alone he leaves on his victims—the mark of teeth in the throat. See, there it blazes on the white neck of her who was dearer to me than all the world besides. But come, let us solve this strange mystery, if it be possible."

With eager steps the two young men climbed the steep side of Snowden's Peak.

The sky was hung with gloom, save where, afar off in the dark horizon's line, was the soft light that heralded the coming of the rising moon.

A thousand yards or so from the summit of the Peak the path turned abruptly to the right.

At the turn the two met Roland Cardower, pale, and the great sweat-drops rolling from his brows.

He started when he beheld young Raven. "I know all!" cried Gerald; "for the sake of thy dead sister, let there be peace between us."

Frankly Roland took the proffered hand.

"Gerald Raven, I have wronged thee; would to heaven that I had freely given Maud to thy care; perhaps it might have saved her from the dreadful fate that this night has come so heavy upon her."

"What have you done with the body?" asked Gerald.

"Placed it at the summit of the Peak," replied Roland, with a shudder. "Such a task I would not do again to save myself from death. As I climbed the mountain's side, it seemed as if the air was full of dark shapes hovering around me, and evil, shadowy hands seemed trying to pluck the corpse from my shoulder."

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## The Banker's Secret.

A LIFE SKETCH OF THE "MOUND CITY."

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.

THE relations of Nettie Venner were highly gratified, and her friends said that she had done very well and wisely, when she married John Harris. That she was lucky to have made a match so far above what she might naturally have looked forward to and expected.

John Harris was considered one of the "solid men" of the Mound City, and was senior partner in a bank that ranked high in the estimation of business men. The banker was a very popular man, not only among his own circle, but also those usually considered inferior to the "upper ten." He was a church member, always occupying his prominent pew upon the Sabbath, and a generous sum always followed his name on subscription lists for charitable purposes.

He had often relieved the wants of some destitute family, to whom his attention had been drawn, but the circumstance was sure to find its way into the newspapers, so that sundry uncharitable persons more than once hinted at "keeping a local editor in pay." But, such slanders could not affect the standing of the wealthy and good banker, and he smiled blandly, but with a trace of cynical disdain as the rumors met his ear.

Mr. Harris lived alone in his costly mansion on P— street, having no relations in the city, and his servants were all men, even to the cook and housekeeper. This trait—added to his age—he had nearly completed his fourth decade—satisfied the curious that he was a confirmed old bachelor, and so the fact of his marriage created quite a sensation.

There was a tinge of romance in the way he first made the acquaintance of Nettie Venner, that only a very few persons knew. One day John Harris happened to be in a jewelry store down-town when a neatly dressed young lady entered, and making way for her, the polite banker motioned the salesman to wait upon her wishes. Selecting some little article, the lady offered a three-dollar bill in payment.

The keen-eyed clerk paused and glanced at it, then at her, and without a word passed back to where one of the principals was standing. After a short consultation the latter came forward, saying:

"You offered this bill, madam?"

"Certainly, sir," wonderingly replied the lady.

"Did you not know that it was counterfeit?"

"Sir?"

"Excuse me, madam, if I speak plainly, but we have been so much troubled with bad bills of late that we have resolved to put a stop to it if possible. We must make an example of some one, or we may as well close up our business. I regret it exceedingly, but I must ask you to explain how you came by this note?" coldly added the merchant, with his hard blue eyes fixed upon the deeply suffused face of the lady.

She did not answer, but shrunk back from the unfeeling stare, as if affrighted. Mr. Harris noted this and stepped forward.

"Allow me to look at this for a moment, Mr. R—." You know I am a judge of such matters," he said, blandly.

"Certainly, as you see, it is one of the new counterfeiters on your bank."

Harris closely examined the note for a moment, and then dropped it with a smile, at the same time drawing forth his notebook.

"Really, Mr. R—," he said, "I can not compliment you upon your discernment, for this is a good bill. I should know my own signature. To gratify you I will take it myself and give you another. Luckily I was here to save you from a blunder that might well have cost you dearly, and also, to be of some service to this lady," and he bowed politely to the latter.

"If you say so, Mr. Harris, of course it is all right, and I beg the lady's pardon," but there was a look upon the merchant's face that flatly contradicted his words, only the great banker was by far too valuable a customer to displease.

"Sir, I am very grateful for your kindness," faltered the lady, "and I will accept the loan as I have no more money with me; but—"

"There is no loan at all. I simply give you a good bill for one equally as valuable. Allow me," and Harris politely presented one of his cards, and then left the store.

But the matter did not end there. Wilson Venner, the father of the lady whom Harris had served, called upon the banker to express his thanks, and the acquaintance thus formed led to the capitalist's becoming a frequent visitor at the house of Venner.

He soon conceived a violent passion for Nettie, and one day avowing his love was accepted.

Nettie was not so mercenary as many of her friends supposed. From gratitude, she grew to like Harris, until at last, she loved

him sincerely. He was twice her age, but he stood the attack of time remarkably well, and did not appear above thirty. Indeed he seemed to be one of Nature's noblemen. But with all this, we do not say that the thought of the fine mansion she could preside over, and the life of contented ease she would live when every wish could be gratified, had not its influence upon Nettie's decision, for she would not have been woman, else.

And so they were married.

The papers contained the usual quantity of allusions to the "brilliant wedding," the people discussed it, wondering at his taste, and envying Nettie her luck, and then matters once more resumed their usual course.

For a year Nettie lived happily, but but one great sorrow or grief. The little boy-baby that was born unto them, sickened and died. Then as if this was the cue for which he was waiting, John Harris began to reveal his inner self to his wife.

He became unkind and even brutal; would insult and endeavor to hurt her feelings in every way possible. After business hours he would often remain at the dinner-table and drink rich wines until he fell from his chair, or if he paused before, it was only to abuse his wife, and more than once she had lain awake all night, unable to sleep for the pain of the bruises he had inflicted during his madness.

As a natural consequence her love began to wane, and hatred and loathing to take its place. Still, she did not dare complain to her friends, nor did she care to brave public comment by applying for a divorce. And one night she learned why it was that John Harris kept only men-servants, besides her own maid.

He boasted that all his wealth had been gained by stupendous frauds. That he was the head and acknowledged chief of a secret band of "coneymen"—counterfeiters—and that the implements used were concealed within that very house, where the printing of bogus bank-notes was carried on by their servants.

Nettie was incredulous. She could not believe that the man she had once loved was so deep-dyed a villain, despite what she had already seen. Harris was half wild with drink, and noting her doubt, forced her to accompany him down into the cellar, where he opened a secret door, and bade her look inside.

The proof lay before her eyes in the presses, the chemicals, and the piles of bank-note paper as well as a quantity of printed sheets that were scattered in profusion upon the ground floor. As the fearful truth broke upon her mind, Nettie uttered a low groan and sunk, fainting, to the floor.

Partially sobered by the sight of his wife lying there so pale and deathlike, and already regretting his indiscretion in thus exposing his black secret, Harris tenderly raised the senseless form in his arms and carried her to her own room, where he succeeded in restoring her to consciousness.

For some time after this event the banker's manner changed entirely, and he treated Nettie with the tenderness and care that had marked the earlier days of their wedded life. But, this dread secret preyed upon the wife's mind, and sadly changed her from her former self. But John Harris solemnly declared that he would forever abandon his nefarious pursuits, and would have no more dealings with the gang that called him leader. And Nettie, believing him, resolved to bury the secret in her own breast.

For several months this new state of affairs continued, and Nettie began to believe that they might be happy even yet; but it was fated not to last. The banker, still quoted as a model of business integrity and pointed to as an exemplary Christian by the outer world, proved a brutal fiend at home. One of his assaults upon Nettie prostrated her upon a bed of sickness for weeks, and when she recovered, she told her husband that at his next act of a like nature she would expose him to the retribution of an outraged law. He laughed her threat to scorn, but still it seemed to impress him more than he cared to admit. Yet, when in liquor, the pent-up malignity would find exit.

And the time came when he again maltreated his long-suffering wife. That night Nettie wrote a note that occasioned great commotion at the private office of the chief of police, the next day. It read as follows:

"If you desire to break up the gang of counterfeiters, who have so long defied you, and capture the chief, call at the house of John Harris, Banker, on P— street. You will find the presses and other implements in a vault beneath the house, opening into the cellar. As a proof of what I state, and inclosed a sheet of forged notes, samples of what you will discover there. John Harris is the chief."

"A FRIEND OF JUSTICE."

That same night a squad of policemen, in civil dress, rung at the mansion of John Harris. Learning that the master was at home, they entered and sent up word for him to come down. Harris and his wife were together in the sitting-room, and when the message was delivered, John asked the servant:

"Who is he, Sam?"

"It's more than one, sir," replied the man, in a troubled tone. "There's nearly a dozen, and I'm sure I know one of them to be a policeman."

"That will do, Sam," coldly replied Harris, rising. "Go tell them that I will be down in a moment."

The servant left the room, and Harris turned toward his wife. A peculiar smile played upon her features, pale and worn with long suffering.

"This is your work, Nettie?"

"It is. I told you that you would drive me to it at last, and you have. They are policemen, and they know the secret of your vault down-stairs."

The banker uttered a low, fierce snarl of rage, and drawing a snall revolver from his breast, he leveled it full at his wife. She did not shrink, and her smile still further enraged him. With a bitter curse, he fired, and Nettie fell to the floor, with a low groan.

Then the murderer sprang from the room with the intention of seeking safety in flight. But he was too late. The shot had alarmed the officers, and rushing up-stairs they confronted the banker. Harris' pistol-muzzle was pressing against his temple.

A shot followed, and then a heavy fall. One groan and the criminal escaped mortal justice.

The matter was hushed up as much as possible, but a part of the truth leaked out, and furnished rather more than a nine-days' wonder for the Mound-Cityites.

Nettie, after a long struggle with death, finally recovered, and returned to her pa-



rears. But she did not live long. Her trials had been too great, and she sank beneath the effects of them.

## Storm-Staid.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"If you would only get married, Ray!" Mrs. Emerson, Raynor Day's pretty, matronly sister, laid her plump hand beseechingly on that gentleman's arm.

"Nonsense, Girty! I couldn't wind your worsted and feed your poodle if I turned Benedict, and that's about all I'm good for."

He turned his mischievous face toward the lady, who gave an indignant little cry.

"Raynor Day! you ought to be ashamed of yourself for telling such a story, when you know you are not the dearest, kindest brother a woman could have. Only good enough to—the idea!"

"Well," went on handsome Ray, as he leaned back in Mr. Emerson's easy-chair, "supposing that in your opinion, it does not follow that everybody agrees therewith."

"But they do; and, what's more, you know you are a favorite—you conceited boy!"

"With you and the poodle? Very probably, yes. But, seriously, Gertrude, do you wish me to get married?"

Mrs. Emerson's blue eyes lighted up at the unusual earnestness her brother paid to the oft-discussed question between them.

"Do I wish it? Raynor, I'd give half I'm worth to see you married to some pretty, good girl, and settled down in your own house. You could furnish such a love of a home for your wife, Ray."

A funny little smile appeared upon Mr. Day's lips, as he peered steadily at his sister's eager face.

"Who is this lady you are evidently thinking of as the future Mrs. Day? I see by your manner you've got it all 'out and dried' for me, even to the color of the curtains in the drawing-room."

Then Mrs. Emerson laughed.

"I acknowledge I am discovered! Honestly, Raynor, I do want you to marry this lady I've selected for you. One of the best, prettiest, most lady-like of girls, intelligent, and, withal, so roguish and merry—"

Ray drew a long breath.

"Oh, spare me, Girty! how ever could I exist under such a specimen of perfection took up her abode?"

But Mrs. Emerson, only lifting up her forefinger and saucily shaking it at her incorrigible brother, went bravely on.

"I continue, and aver that, besides all these attractions, she possesses one that outshines them all; she is talented, and writes for one of our leading New York papers such exquisite poems."

Raynor raised his eyebrows in sarcastic incredulity.

"Indeed! and might I venture to inquire the name of this earthly goddess? I confess I am in danger of being converted to your theory that a man can fall in love, after all."

"You will admire her name as much as herself. It is Floretta."

"Floretta what?"

Then Mrs. Emerson hesitated a second, and laid her hand on her brother's arm.

"I thought you'd recognize her by the description. I mean Miss Pelham."

A hot blush suffused Raynor's face for a moment; then he shook off his sister's gentle detaining hand.

"So Miss Pelham's name is Floretta, is it? and she's a poetess? Very well, Girty, but you might have spared yourself all this trouble. I shall not marry Miss Floretta Pelham!"

Mrs. Emerson was amazed at the unusual and uncalculated force in her brother's remark, and her blue eyes opened wider, as she looked at his half-angry face.

"Why, Raynor, you always professed a great friendship for her, even if you never saw her; and just think of the messages you've sent me by letters. I know she thinks a great deal of you."

"That's a pity! Girty, don't ever mention her name to me again."

And the gentleman donned hat and overcoat, and went out of Mrs. Emerson's parlor.

"It's very strange," that little matron thought to herself, as she watched his receding figure, "it's very strange, indeed! But there's a mistake somewhere, I am certain; Floretta likes him, and he likes her, and they've got to be married! and I shall make it an especial act of Christian duty to bring it about!"

And she drew down the white linen shade with an air of determination that Mr. John Emerson would have declared was useless to resist.

"There's no earthly use of our trying to get any further, Aunt Retta; the carriage-wheels are so blocked now that Pete will be obliged to shovel the snow from them. Hadn't we better stop at this tavern?"

Floretta Pelham's pretty, rosy face was smiling from her white swan-down hood, as she looked from the snow-clogged wheels to the sour, cross face opposite her, encased in a quilted black satin bonnet.

"It always snows when one least expects it; and the more inconvenience I'm put to, the less you seem to care."

Floretta was not in the least disconcerted by these caustic words; she was too used to them to care.

"Mrs. Emerson sent particular word for me to be there, and now we can spend our afternoon at this wretched country tavern, I suppose."

"Perhaps they've a sleigh, auntie? We can easily get on to Girty's, then."

Floretta sprang lightly into the soft snow-drifts.

"I'll see, at any rate! No, Pete, you stay with Miss Pelham; I can get along easily enough."

She laughingly waded through the blinding whirls of snow that settled over her in beautiful purity.

There was no sleigh to hire, she reported, when she came back, but Mr. Day had gone past a couple of hours before in his sleigh, and was going to stop at the tavern on his return. He would take them.

A smile lit up Miss Retta's sallow face.

"Raynor Day! why, Floretta, that is the gentleman who sent me the little note begging my picture and a permission to correspond."

A little blush tinged Floretta's pretty cheeks, but she answered, gayly:

"And a fine opportunity you will have of cultivating his acquaintance. I have heard he was very handsome."

"And who told you, I'd like to know?"

Miss Retta turned with jealous eyes to Floretta.

"Why, Girty, in her letters to me, of course."

"Well, you needn't go to falling in love with him and try to cut me out. It's a blessed satisfaction to know he's got my picture; to be sure he didn't answer my letter, though, when I came to think of it, I don't wonder, for I am afraid I wrote it on the back of one of your sheets of manuscript; those verses you composed on 'A Conceited Man.' He may regard them as personal. I can apologize, though, and explain."

A burning blush suffused Floretta's features.

"Oh, Aunt Retta! how could you be so thoughtless—so careless? I hope, indeed, he will not be offended."

"What difference does it make to you, I would like to know? When he's your uncle you can tell him."

The two had reached the inn, and a warm, cheery room was assigned them until Mr. Day should return with his sleigh.

They had only warmed themselves comfortably, when Raynor, in his elegant double-sleigh and prancing horses, came dashing to the door.

He gave a groom the reins and ran into the sitting-room, where the ladies sat, all unconscious of what awaited him.

Miss Retta sprang from her chair—her thin, ugly face all smiles.

"Why, I do declare! Mr. Day, is it really you?"

She caught his hand and shook it cordially, while he bowed frigidly.

"Miss Floretta Pelham, I believe? I recognize the original of the photograph sent me."

"Yes, I am Miss Floretta Pelham, Mr. Day, and that's my name."

Raynor had been glancing curiously at the graceful figure whose face was from him; and now, when the sharp words "my niece" constrained her to turn around he could hardly repress a cry of delight, so fair, so sweet she looked.

With easy self-possession, and yet with a flush on her cheeks that somehow sent a strange thrill to Raynor's heart, she extended her little gloved hand, that, for the very soul of him, Raynor could not help detaining a single second. She looked up, in sweet confusion, and their eyes met.

After that, acquaintance was blissfully easy to accomplish. Miss Retta glanced down on them, yet prudence forbade her to interfere as she desired. So she spoke very sweetly—she thought—

"We are on a visit to Mrs. Emerson, Mr. Day, but our carriage can not proceed through the snow. If you will kindly give us a seat in your sleigh—"

"With the greatest delight, Miss Pelham, and this lady, Miss—"

It was a clever artifice to learn the fair girl's name; but Miss Retta was equal to the occasion.

"My niece will thank you, I'm sure."

So Raynor helped Miss Retta in, and then tenderly assisted "the niece," tucking the thick, soft robes carefully around her.

The ride was necessarily silent, but Raynor Day was all the time wondering who that lovely girl was, and if she had fallen in love with him as he had with her? How he despised that Miss Pelham, to whom he had written, in his romantic, impulsive manner, after hearing Girty read a letter from her one day!

Then that picture had come; and a letter, so different from Girty's, had reached him, written on the blank side of a poem that was so keenly cutting.

No wonder he had blushed and been vexed when Girty proposed to him to marry that lean ogre, even if she was a poetess, and so intelligent and roguish. As to being pretty—why, Girty must be demented surely!

But then, this charming little blue-eyed girl; why, he was tempted to deliberately turn around and kiss those red lips, and ask her to marry him! He would, too, if there was the first glimpse of encouragement in her actions!

Raynor was a happy man when he escorted the ladies into Mrs. Emerson's warm parlor, where she sat sewing.

With a smile of welcome, she kissed the younger girl in a way that made Raynor horribly envious.

"Floretta Pelham! you darling! Where in the world did you come across Raynor?"

Miss Pelham, I am so glad to see you!"

She shot her brother a glance of amazement.

Ray bowed reverentially to Floretta, "the niece."

"I am so delighted to learn your name, Floretta. I presume Miss Pelham, Sr., received the letter I sent for you?"

Miss Pelham's eyes snapped venomously.

"Yes, I presume I did! What difference does it make?"

Ray laughed.

"All the difference in the world. Because, if this Floretta will have me, I want her to take me and love me as I love her; and be my wife. Will you, on so short a personal acquaintance?"

What Floretta said may be inferred from the fact that her aunt would not speak to her for weeks and weeks; and then, only when Raynor kissed her and called her "auntie," which was a little different from Floretta, Jr., calling him "uncle."

Mrs. Emerson knows now how it all happened, and only regrets that she was not permitted to be the instrument to bring it about; but she consoles herself with a slight alteration of a popular proverb: *La femme propose, dieu Cupid dispose.*

**The White Witch:**

OR,

**THE LEAGUE OF THREE.**

A STRANGE STORY OF AMERICAN LIFE.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

AUTHOR OF "HEART OF FIRE," "WOLF DEMON," "SCARLET HAND," "ACE OF SPADES," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

"BREAKING IT OFF."

THE warm blood crimsoned Agatha's face at the accusation of her sister.

"I love Mr. Montgomery?" she said, slowly.

"Yes, you do!" cried Frances, quickly, and in angry tones. "Do you think that I am blind? I am not, even if he is. I have seen it from the first."

"Frances, you do not know what you are saying," said Agatha, in confusion.

"Do I not?" exclaimed the blonde beauty, in scorn.

"Why should I love him?" asked the girl, vainly trying to appear calm.

"You can answer that question better than I can," replied Frances, disclaimingly. "But, why do you attempt to conceal the truth from me? I know that you do love him."

"Like a brother, yes, I acknowledge that," said Agatha, the tell-tale blood again flushing her cheeks, scarlet.

"Like a brother!" repeated Frances, scornfully; "he will never be your brother."

"Is he not to be your husband?" asked Agatha, in wonder.

"Never!" cried Frances, impetuously.

"Are you not engaged to be married to him?"

"That engagement is ended, or will be, the next time we meet," said Frances.

"But why?"

"It was now Frances' turn to be confused. I am not aware that I am obliged to answer your questions," said the girl, in anger.

"Oh, Frances, don't speak that way to me!" exclaimed Agatha, affected almost to tears.

"Then why do you question me? Can't you see that I am out of temper?" said Frances, pettishly.

"I did not know that you and Angus—I mean Mr. Montgomery"—and Agatha quickly corrected her speech—"had quarreled."

"There has been no quarrel between us. Agatha, I do not choose to give you, or any one else, my reasons for the step I am about to take. It is enough that my reasons are good," Frances said, firmly.

"This will be a sad blow to Mr. Montgomery, for I am sure that he loves you, dearly," Agatha said, slowly.

"Yes, and like all the rest of the 'lords of creation,' he loves three or four others at the same time."

"How can you say so?" exclaimed Agatha, quickly. "Oh, Frances, I am sure that he loves you, and you only."

"You are a child!" said Frances, contemptuously.

"Yes, I am so much younger than you," and on Agatha's face a slight smile appeared as she spoke.

"In worldly experience you are," retorted Frances, quickly. "But I don't know why I should talk with you about Mr. Montgomery. All is at an end between us. And now, you can bewitch him with your little innocent ways as soon as you like."

The contemptuous words of Frances stung Agatha to the quick.

"Why should you think that I care for Mr. Montgomery?" she asked. "Do you think so meanly of me as for a single instant to imagine that I have tried to attract the attention of a man, whom I knew to be your promised husband?"

For a moment Frances looked into Agatha's face without replying.

There was a wonderful difference between the two sisters. Frances, with her blue eyes and golden hair, was as unlike Agatha, with her ebony locks and dark eyes, as day is to night.

"No, Agatha, I do not say that," Frances said, slowly. "I am ill-tempered—perhaps angry, but I will not be unjust. I know, Agatha, that you love Angus. I have seen the truth in your eyes—seen it in a hundred little actions. You look at him as if you wanted to eat him. And now I resign him, freely, to you. I give up all claim."

"Frances, how can you say such a thing?" said Agatha, in sorrowful tones.

"Is it not better to speak the truth than to conceal it?" demanded Frances, pacing restlessly up and down the floor.

"But, are you quite sure that it is the truth?" asked Agatha, timidly.

"Yes," and the clear tones of the girl showed no signs of indecision.

"Then it is all over between you and Angus?"

"Yes, and forever!" replied Frances, firmly.

"Why, this is dreadful!" exclaimed Agatha, in blank dismay.

"Dreadful to discover the truth?" asked Frances, in chilly tones.

"But I can not understand it—"

"And I do not choose to explain," interrupted Frances, haughtily. "All that I am willing to say in defense of my action is—I am sure I do not love Angus as I ought to love my betrothed husband."

"But, you did love him?"

"Yes," and Frances cast down her eyes for a moment as the memory of the past came back to her. She thought of the many, many times that she had told Montgomery that she loved him and him only, and then had given her lips up, willingly, to his caresses.

"And you have changed?" Agatha asked slowly, and as she spoke she fixed her brilliant black eyes full on the face of her sister.

"Yes, I have changed, even at the risk of being called fickle and heartless, not only by Angus but by every one else who hears of the affair," replied Frances, firmly.

"Are you sure that you know your own mind?" asked Agatha, putting the question directly.

"Yes, for the first time!" answered Frances, quickly. "I have acted like a heartless flirt with a man who loves me better than Angus Montgomery ever dared to. I know this now, and I am sorry for what I have done."

Frances, pacing with quick step up and down the room, did not notice the quiet smile that crept over her sister's face.

"Frances, I think that you are acting very hasty in this matter—"

"Agatha, will you oblige me by attending to your own affairs and letting mine alone?" exclaimed Frances, facing her sister, a scarlet spot burning in her white cheeks.

A ring at the door-bell stopped Agatha's answer.

"Perhaps that is Angus, now," Frances murmured, half to herself and half aloud.

"I'll go, then!" exclaimed Agatha, quickly. "But, Frances, don't be hasty."

Then she hastened from the room.

"I saw this long ago," Agatha murmured, as she ascended the stairs. "She does not know whom she loves; or rather, she doesn't love any one at all. First it was 'auntie,' then Angus, and now—who? Well, time will tell."

Agatha was right; as yet, Frances Chauncy had never loved.

As Frances had guessed, it was Angus Montgomery. She took the picture and replaced it in the book.

The twilight of evening had come and the parlor looked sad and gloomy in the misty light as the young man entered it.

Frances rose to receive him—she had buried herself amid the cushions of a large

easy-chair at his approach—and extended her hand to him.

Angus felt a chill creep over him as he took the soft, white hand of the fair girl. There was no life in the little hand that lay within his broad palm. No cordial pressure bid him welcome. It was a hand of flesh, yet to Angus it seemed as though it was carved out of stone.

Quietly, Frances sunk back into the embraces of the huge chair, looking like some sepieter queen giving audience to a rebellious vassal.

Montgomery felt awkward. The greeting—or rather, the lack of it—had chilled him.

Mechanically—for Angus hardly knew what he did, so completely had Frances' strange manner confused him—he sat down in a chair that stood by his side, and, leaning his arm on the center-table, looked at the silent beauty as though she was a judge and he a criminal waiting sentence.

For a few moments silence held possession of the room, and the two looked at each other as though they were images in wax rather than living beings.

Montgomery felt decidedly uncomfortable. He experienced a peculiar sensation as though cold water was running down his back. He felt that he must break the awkward silence.

"I saw you at the window to-day as I passed," he said, slowly.

"Yes, and I saw you," replied Frances, quickly, and there was a touch of bitterness in her tones.

Montgomery felt that he had made an unfortunate beginning.

"I was going to the Park with—"

"You need not trouble yourself to tell me where you were going, or who your companions were. I haven't the least bit of curiosity regarding the subject," Frances interrupted, in chilling tones.

Montgomery began to feel annoyed. He had visited Frances with the intention of explaining how it was that he came to drive out with O'Connell and the beautiful French girl. But, this chilling reception utterly confounded him. In his own mind he felt that he had not committed any act that should call down upon his head such a crushing weight of icy coldness.

"Then I suppose that you do not wish me to say any thing more about the subject?" he said, slowly.

"You are quite right. I do not care to hear any thing about it," Frances replied, in the same chilly tones.

"Well, then, I won't say any thing in regard to it."

Montgomery was annoyed and showed it in his voice.

The cool way in which he spoke angered Frances. She did not intend to let the matter drop so easily.

"I think that it is better that you should not speak of it," she said, significantly.

Even in the gloom of the twilight, the girl saw the warm blood leap into Montgomery's face, and detected the angry flash of his eyes.

"Frances, what do you mean by that?" he asked, quickly, and the tones of his voice showed plainly how deeply his pride was hurt by her words.

"If you can not answer the question, I shall not," she said, coldly. She strove to maintain her calmness, yet passion was surging wildly in her veins.

"Your words sound like an accusation, Frances," and his tone softened as he pronounced the name—the name of her he loved so well; "have I done any thing to displease you?" And rising, he advanced to the girl, took her hands in his own and looked steadily into her face.

The hands he held were as marble, the face icy; the blue eyes glittered as coldly as moonbeams shining on polished steel.

"Yes, you have displeased—disgusted me!" Frances said, contemptuously.

Montgomery dropped the little hands as though they had changed into coals of fire. He stared at Frances for a moment like one struck by some sudden shock. The young man had had many bitter things said to him in his life, but none that cut him like the careless words of the girl. In one single instant all the love that had filled his breast—for he had loved Frances Chauncy better than he ever loved any other woman—fled, and in its place came contempt—almost loathing. He now despised the woman that but one little minute ago he had worshipped.

Nothing in this world will kill a man's love so quick as the knowledge that the object of his love is unworthy of it. The revelation then is sudden, complete.

One word had cured Angus Montgomery. He was not even angry with the woman who had tried to win his love—tried to make him love her, and then wished to humble him to the stature of the slave.

Frances Chauncy had "counted without the host," for she had roused the pride of Montgomery, and that pride was so strong that it even married love before it. She had wished to dismiss him "humbly," but he was about to retire with the laurels of a victor.

Mentally he congratulated himself on his "escape."

## CHAPTER XVII.

MONTGOMERY AND HIS "FRIENDS."

MONTGOMERY looked at Frances with a peculiar expression upon his face.

She did not understand the meaning of the look, and it puzzled her.

"It is all over, then," Montgomery said, slowly.

"Yes," replied Frances.

Somewhat, it pained her to utter the word.

"Give me back my letters, please; here are yours," and the young man took an envelope from his breast-pocket and gave it to her. In the envelope were six or eight dainty little notes.

Frances Chauncy had little idea how Angus Montgomery had treasured the foolish, loving letters.

The girl was annoyed.

Her action had not taken the young man by surprise, as she had supposed it would. It was very evident to her—from the fact of his having her letters with him—that he had come prepared to end the love-affair existing between them.

me some fine morning by decamping without notice, like the fleet-footed Catlin."

"But, then, there's the chance of being robbed?" suggested O'Connell.

"Very little danger of that," Montgomery replied. "I keep the safe in my bed-chamber, and, as I'm a light sleeper, I think that it would be a difficult job for any one to get at it without waking me up."

"Do you know, Angus, I'd like to see it?" Tulip said. "I think that it is a capital idea, and I have half-a-mind to buy one myself."

"Certainly, it's only in the next room," Angus said.

Then the three young men entered the bed-chamber.

The safe stood in one corner of the room. Montgomery knelt and opened it.

"You see, it can not be opened without knowing the combination," Montgomery said.

"Yes, I see," O'Connell replied, and he knelt by Montgomery's side and examined the lock of the little safe with great attention.

"It is clearly impossible for any one to pick such a lock as that, I should say," Tulip remarked, bending over the other two.

"Oh, clearly impossible!" O'Connell exclaimed.

Then Tulip sauntered over to the other side of the room and took up a double-barreled shot-gun that stood in a corner.

"What did this gun cost, Angus?" he asked.

"I don't exactly remember; somewhere about a hundred and fifty, I think," Angus replied.

"It's a breech-loader, isn't it? Come and show me how it works," Tulip said, examining the gun with great attention.

Angus rose to his feet, crossed the room, and commenced to explain the peculiarities of the gun to Tulip. His back was turned to the safe, where O'Connell was still on his knees before it.

Hardly had Angus left his side, when O'Connell deftly drew the key from the lock of the safe, and, with a small piece of wax, which he drew from his vest-pocket—apparently provided for just such a chance as this—he took an impression of the key.

Then he put the wax away, returned the key to its place, and closing the safe-door, looked at it.

"Have you changed the combination?" Angus asked.

"No," O'Connell replied, rising and handing him the key.

"You see how it works?" Montgomery said to Tulip, referring to the gun.

"Oh, yes, perfectly," Tulip replied.

"By the way, Tulip, are you going anywhere this evening?" asked Montgomery, suddenly, putting down the gun.

"Yes, O'Connell and I were going to call upon the countess," Tulip said.

"Come with us," O'Connell added.

"No, no, don't ask him!" Tulip cried, in mock despair. "What chance will we have to make an impression if he goes?"

"Oh, I'm not a dangerous rival!" Montgomery exclaimed, laughing.

"I submit under protest," Tulip rejoined.

"We will have time for a stroll down Broadway first," O'Connell said.

Then the three left the house.

As they passed into the street, Tulip contrived to exchange a word with O'Connell, unnoticed by Montgomery.

"Did you succeed?" Tulip asked.

"Yes," O'Connell replied.

"You had time enough?"

"Plenty."

"When will you make the attempt?"

"As soon as possible."

Then Montgomery joined them, and the three proceeded toward Broadway.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

THE DOG-MAN CALLS UPON THE COUNTESS.

LEONE, now known to the world as Leone Epernay, the daughter of a French count, but whom the reader knows better as Leone Basque, the music-teacher, sat in her luxuriously furnished parlor and looked out on busy Broadway.

Tully she watched the ever-moving throng. Her thoughts were elsewhere.

"It is a terrible game that Lionel is playing," she murmured, thoughtfully. "What can be his motive—money? yes; but something more than money. What can it be?"

"Oh, I am tired of being his slave!" A wail of pain, heartfelt, was in her voice as she spoke.

"When will the time come that brings me release from my bondage? Not, I fear, until I am in grave-clothes. Oh! what a fate is mine. What am I? A lure to entice to ruin the man that I love with all my heart and soul. The beauty that nature has given me is now a curse. Why did not this man hate me? Yet I can not find it in my heart to try and make him do so. No, in his presence, I am happy, I exert all my womanly gifts to make him like me. I play well the part that Lionel has forced me to act. I am ashamed of myself when I think of it. And, sorrowfully, Leone buried her face in her hands.

A low knock upon the door aroused her from her reverie.

Leone, with a sigh, raised her head.

"Come in!" she said, thinking that it was one of the servants of the hotel.

In obedience to the order, the door opened and a stranger entered.

He was a man a little below the medium size, dressed plainly, but not poorly. His face was a peculiar one, thin and, with an impression of shrewdness visibly stamped upon it.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," he said, with a low bow, removing his hat; "I open I ain't intruding, but would you like to buy a dog?"

Then the man—who was Chris Pipgan in person—drew from a pocket of his coat one of the prettiest little dogs that Leone had ever seen. It was hardly bigger than a rat, a terrier of the kind called black and tan.

Leone was passionately fond of all living things, and, as the little puppy danced, brisk as a bee, about the room, she could not help admiring it.

"I am afraid that it would be too much trouble to keep him here in the hotel," she said.

"Not a bit of trouble, ma'am, and he's the best tempered little animal that ever was." And as Pipgan spoke he was watching Leone, narrowly, with a covert glance.

"No, I fear I could not take care of him," Leone said.

"Why, he'll take care of himself, ma'am."

"What's his name?"

"Mally, ma'am."

"Mally? Why, what a strange name?" Leone said, in wonder.

"Yes, it is a wonder, isn't it, ma'am?" said the dog-fancier, thoughtfully, as if the oddness of the dog's name had just occurred to

him. "You see, ma'am, Mally is short for Malper—Oh, Christmas! I've done it, now!" he cried, in excitement, for, at the mention of the name, Leone, with a low moan, had fainted.

"What a cursed fool I was to blurt it out!" he cried, in despair, as he bent over the senseless girl. "I might as well have said she ain't made of iron, but just the most delicate piece of handiwork that old Mother Nature ever turned out; and now I've killed her. You fool, you!" and Pipgan began to tear his hair in despair while the puppy, astonished at the noise, sat on its haunches and surveyed the scene with wonder.

A low sigh came from the girl.

A glass of water was standing on the table. Pipgan ran to it, and then returning to Leone's side, sprinkled the water over her forehead.

Slowly, Leone's sense came back to her.

She opened her eyes, wearily. As her look fell upon the face of the dog-fancier, she shuddered.

"I'm very sorry you're sick, ma'am," he said, humbly.

"I suppose that it was the heat of the room," Leone said, in confusion; her eyes searching the face of the stranger as though she expected to read something written therein. But she saw nothing in his features to excite her fears.

"You're better now, ma'am?" he said.

"Yes, much better," she replied.

"I'm very glad," and Pipgan showed it in his face. "Do you think that you'd like the little dog, ma'am?"

"I do not think that I could take care of him." Then Leone looked wistfully into his face as if she wanted to say something more. But the dog-fancier pretended not to notice the look.

"It is a very pretty little dog," Leone said, absently.

"Yes, ma'am," replied Pipgan.

"What—what did you say the dog's name was?" Leone asked, her voice trembling, in spite of her efforts to appear calm and unconcerned.

"His name, ma'am?" Strange to say, the dog-man seemed to hesitate about answering the question.

"Yes, his name," repeated Leone.

"Mally, short for Malper, ma'am," said the man, slowly, and raising his eyes to the face of the girl.

Again Leone tried to read the face of the dog-man, but again the attempt was useless.

"It is a very odd name," Leone said, absently.

"Yes, ma'am. I don't know who gave the puppy the name. The man that I bought him from yesterday said that was his name, and that was how I knew it," the dog-man explained.

"It is a very strange name," the girl said, absently.

To the keen eyes of Pipgan it was plain that the young girl's thoughts were neither of the dog nor of his name, but far away.

"Then, you think that you don't want to buy a dog?" Pipgan said, taking up the puppy and putting it away, snugly, in one of his large pockets.

"No, thank you," replied Leone.

"I axes your pardon, miss, for disturbing you," said Pipgan, awkwardly backing out. Then the door closed behind him.

Once secure from observation, Pipgan's manner changed entirely.

Thoughtfully he stood, biting his fingers.

"Shall I?" he murmured. "Why not? That's the question; why not? Anybody else would, why not? Some chances would come many a bank-note out of this gold mine. How the name fetched her! Blessed if I didn't feel sorry for her, poor, young kitten! I wasn't sure about it; but, now, I'd take my 'davy' afore any 'beak' in 'Lunnon' town. What's to be done? that's the question. It will cost me a matter of fifty pounds to use the cable and telegraph, maybe; and fifty pounds in gold is a good many dollars in greenbacks. But, as I said afore, why shouldn't I? I'll think over it."

Then Mr. Chris Pipgan took his way quietly out of the hotel.

After the departure of the dog-fancier Leone remained motionless, like one in a maze.

For full ten minutes she sat, fixed as a statue; then she suddenly rose and began, restlessly, to pace up and down the room.

"What can this mean?" she exclaimed.

"Is this only a strange coincidence, or is it a warning of danger? Shall I tell Lionel? Ha! He will only laugh at me. Oh, what a foolish child I am to fear! I see a specter in every shadow, like a school-girl in the dark. I should have stronger nerves, for I will need them. I have a difficult scheme to carry out, and yet the thought of failure has never entered my mind."

Then Leone seated herself again by the window.

With the evening came the three young men, Angus Montgomery, Tulip Roche and Lionel O'Connell.

As Montgomery clasped the taper fingers extended to give him welcome, felt the pressure of the slender white hand, and saw the eyes of the young girl beam with delight, he felt a subtle influence stealing over him. It was like the poison of the flowers, it lulled every sense to sweet forgetfulness, and yet to forget—to sleep—was to die.

But, Angus Montgomery did not resist the sweet, magnetic influence.

In the glad smile of Leone he forgot Frances Chauncey and her heart of ice.

The evening passed rapidly away.

At ten the three took their departure.

"What do you think of her?" asked O'Connell, carelessly, as they proceeded through Twenty-ninth street.

"The most beautiful woman that I have ever laid eyes on!" exclaimed Montgomery, in rapture.

"What, Angus, as bad as that?" said O'Connell, laughing.

"Oh, a clear case of love at first sight!" cried Tulip, joining in the laugh.

"You may laugh as much as you please, gentlemen, but it is the truth," Montgomery replied.

"What, that you are over head and ears in love with this divine creature?" exclaimed O'Connell.

"Pshaw! you know I didn't mean that!" replied Montgomery; "but, laugh as much as you please, I freely confess that if the heart of Miss Leone is still her own, I intend to try and win it."

"Pistols and coffee!" cried O'Connell, theatrically.

"We'll have to resign all claim!" exclaimed Tulip, in a tone of extreme sadness, and with a comic look.

"Do, and both of you shall assist at the wedding!" cried Montgomery, gayly.

A peculiar expression flitted across the faces of his companions as Montgomery spoke, but in the darkness Angus did not notice it.

"Come, gentlemen, join me in a glass of champagne before you go home; drink to the success of my wooing!" exclaimed Angus.

"With all my heart!" Tulip cried.

"I second the motion," O'Connell added.

Then the three proceeded to Montgomery's house. With the foaming champagne in their glasses, the perfumed incense filling the air, they pledged the health of Leone, Countess of Epernay, and Angus Montgomery.

A second bottle followed the first, and then the little party broke up.

Angus accompanied his friends to the door, bade them "good-night," and then retired to his chamber.

Bright were the thoughts of the young man, and high were his hopes.

The future looked clear and joyous. All the love that was in his heart for the blonde beauty, Frances Chauncey, had faded out, and in its place sprang up the fiery passion that the passionate dark eyes of the beautiful Leone had inspired.

Angus sat down by the window for a few minutes, looked out upon the darkness of the night, and vaguely speculated upon the future.

Then he proceeded to prepare for rest.

Angus turned the gas down low, and then went to bed.

It was some time before sleep came to him.

The face of the beautiful girl, Leone, danced before his closed eyes. Thoughts of her were in his mind and kept sleep from him.

But at last tired nature exerted its power, and Montgomery slept.

How long the young man had slept he knew not, when a sudden stealthy noise aroused him.

He opened his eyes, and beheld two dark forms, their faces concealed by black masks, standing by his bedside.

The gas, burning dimly, shed a weird light over the chamber.

Montgomery would have cried aloud, but a gleaming dagger at his throat checked his utterance.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 49.)

## Nellie's Peril.

BY "BRUIN" ADAMS.

THE evening sun was dropping behind a heavy bank of clouds that lay along the western horizon, when Nellie Wayland left her father's cabin, and with a brisk step, and heart full of gladness, took her way down a secluded path that led to the old tree that grew on the cliffs hard by the river.

At the foot of this tree there was a rustic seat where, twice a week, the young girl met Harry Searl, a brave, stalwart and handsome young hunter, whose cabin lay across the range, some ten or more miles to the north.

The young people had met a year previous to the opening of our story, under somewhat peculiar circumstances, and from that time had dated a friendship that soon ripened into love. Their betrothal, with the glad consent of old people, had followed, and they were now waiting for the coming of the day that was to realize all their hopes.

The region of country in which was located the Wayland homestead—a large, strong, double cabin—was wild and unsettled in the extreme, and, during certain seasons, was infested by roving bands of savages, who came hither, either upon the war-path, or else engaged in their semi-yearly hunts.

Wayland knew his danger, and like a cautious man, guarded against it as much as possible, and so far had escaped scathless, but there were those who predicted that he would one day lose not only his own life, but that all would be sacrificed.

But to return to Nellie.

As we have said, at the foot of the old beech-tree a rude though comfortable seat had been erected, from which a lovely view of dense forests, open glade, sparkling river, and rolling hills, could be had, the whole rendering the place a most delightful resort.

On the right hand, and but few paces distant from the seat, ran a deep, narrow gorge, the rocky walls of which rose perpendicularly upward from the banks of a little creek that emptied its waters into the river just below, while upon the left a heavy belt of timber, beneath which grew a dense mass of undergrowth, swept round in a half-circle, almost inclosing the little glade over which it threw, at early morning, and until noon, a refreshing shade. In front of the ground, covered with a fine growth of maple, sloped gradually down to the "bottom-land" that lay alongside the river.

It was past the hour for Harry's appearance, and yet Nellie waited patiently, seated upon the rustic bench, and gazing dreamily out upon the vast expanse that lay spread beneath.

The parting rays of the sun, from over which the clouds had passed, lingered upon the gently-swaying tops of the great trees that rose, a solid wall of verdure, close by, and to this point, presently, the eyes of the young girl wandered. As she thus looked upward, something, she knew not what, for no sound had been made, caused her to lower her gaze until it rested upon the tangled mass of underbrush that sprang up between the trunks of the larger trees.

The lightning is not quicker than the change that stole, or rather flashed, over the young girl's face.

The color from cheek, brow and lip faded out, leaving a ghastly pallor instead, while the eyes, that a moment before were soft and humid, became fixed and stony in their expression.

With a quick, shuddering gasp, her arms fell powerless by her side, and she sunk back, utterly unable to move, even to think, against the rugged trunk of the old beech-tree. We were wrong when we said that Nellie Wayland had lost the power of thought. It was not so, and although fearfully shocked, her mind went quickly to work. Save by the sudden change that swept over her face, she gave no sign that anything unusual had occurred, and this, at ten paces, could not have been noticed.

That which she had seen amid the stems and leaves, and trailing vines of the thicket was the basilisk gaze of two pairs of dark, fierce eyes, that looked out from hideously-painted countenances, fastened gloatingly upon her.

They were, she knew, two, perhaps more, Indian warriors in ambush waiting the mo-

ment to strike their swift and deadly blows.

The first impulse of the poor girl was to fly, to try and reach her father's cabin in time to give the alarm, but a moment's consideration showed her how futile would be the effort.

Perhaps they were waiting for darkness, else why had they not already swooped down upon her? And then—and ah! what a thrill of deadly terror shot through her heart—Harry would be there in a moment, and he, too, would be sacrificed.

All this passed through her brain in an instant, and even as it did so, she heard a well-known footstep ascending the hill, and a brave, strong voice singing a song that he knew she loved.

How should she act? Should she fly to meet him and thus precipitate the awful peril, or should she wait until he was near enough to hear her whispered warning?

No time was to be lost, and the brave girl decided upon the latter alternative.

She saw, with delight, that Harry carried his rifle resting in the hollow of the left arm, the readiest way for instant use, and so, with a muttered prayer, she calmly waited his approach.

The Indians evidently fancied themselves as yet unseen, and this she knew was all that prevented an instant attack—

"Nellie!"

"Harry!"

And they were seated, side by side, upon the rustic seat.

Now was the time if ever, and as the young hunter prepared to lean his rifle against the tree, Nellie leaned slightly forward and whispered:

"Don't start! Keep your rifle in your hands! There are Indians in the thicket on our left."

A life of constant peril amid scenes where to think was to act, had rendered Harry Searl equal to any emergency, and he was to this.

With a careless motion he swung the heavy piece across his lap, the muzzle in the direction of the threatened danger.

"How many?" he asked, as he lifted his arm and pointed off toward the southern horizon as though directing attention to some beauty in the darkening landscape.

"Two, perhaps more," was the low reply.

"Where are they?" he again asked, his arm still outstretched.

"At the foot of the tall oak—"

"Very well. Now listen, my brave girl, and be firm. When I say 'jump,' spring by in front of me, and get quickly behind the trunk of the tree. Do you understand?"

"Oh! Harry, you will—"

"Be ready! Now then—jump!" he shouted, leaping to his feet and facing the concealed foe, while Nellie, swift as a deer, shot by him and was under cover.

As Harry wheeled round he brought the rifle to his face, and as the Indians, totally surprised, strove to break through the tangled brush, he ran his eye along the barrel and touched the trigger.

The sharp crack of the piece was echoed by an unearthly yell, and as the smoke lifted he saw one savage in his death-agonies upon the ground, and the other rushing upon him with uplifted tomahawk.

The Indian was a tall, powerful fellow, and Harry saw at a glance that the contest was destined to be short, sharp and decisive; either one or the other must fall and that quickly. At ten paces distant the warrior threw his weapon, but the young hunter was on the alert, and dodging, permitted the glittering ax to pass harmlessly by to be lost in the depths of the ravine.

The savage quickly unsheathed his knife, while Harry still clung to the rifle which he had clutched, wielding the heavy weapon as though it had been a walking-stick.

For a few moments the Indian played a wary game, leaping from side to side, and striving to get an opportunity to rush in to close quarters.

The chance, as he thought, came, and with a startling whoop he dashed forward, only to receive a stunning blow upon the shoulder. For an instant he staggered back, and let the knife fall from his nerveless grasp, the arm being paralyzed by the shock, and then, as he rendered desperate by defeat, he leaped forward regardless of all, and closed in a death-grapple with his foe.

Harry was forced to drop the rifle, and then began a fearful struggle for mastery. Round and round they fought, first one and then the other obtaining a slight advantage, until in the various turnings and twistings, the combatants stood upon the very brink of the precipice.

Another moment, and both had gone over, when suddenly aid came from an unexpected quarter. Nellie had remained at her post behind the tree, almost helpless in her terror, and with eyes dilated, and breath suspended, had watched the conflict. She saw her lover's danger, as he stood upon the verge of the cliff, and with a cry to him to stand firm but one moment longer, she rushed to his side, and catching his belt with one hand, snatched his knife from its sheath with the other, and drove it with the force of a stronger arm deep into the savage's side.

With a yell the doomed wretch loosed his hold and went over the giddy height, while the brave girl, now that all danger was passed, sunk insensible at her lover's feet.

## The Canon Fight.

BY TOM KEENE.

"It's a great mistake to suppose that an Indian can't be made to stand fire," said Tom Bascom, in reply to an assertion made by one of the party.

"Pen an Indian, push him hard, and he becomes the most dangerous and determined foe on earth," Dick Bentley, there, he continued, pointing to a tall, fine-looking trapper, that stood a little way off, "could tell you a story that would prove the point in question. We both were concerned in the affair, but, you know, Dick has a 'knack' of telling things better than almost anybody else.

"Ask him to tell it, Tom," said some one.

"Here, Dick!" called Bascom. "Come here a moment."

"What's up?" demanded the trapper, slowly approaching the group.

"There has been a dispute here among the boys as to whether an Indian—a plain Indian we mean—can be made to stand cold steel and hot lead at close quarters," was the reply.

"I said they could and would if necessity required it."

"And you were right," replied Bentley, his deep, full voice sounding like a low rumbling of thunder. "An Indian can be the bravest man on earth. He will often do

what white men won't, and that is, sacrifice his life for the salvation or advancement of his tribe."



## A SONG.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

What shall I sing about, say?  
(Something to sing of I've not)  
Something that's funny and gay?  
Something that's solemn or what?  
Lamb, geese, poole on which?  
Men, women, children, or who?  
Or a lie that's decidedly rich?  
Or something that's mournful but true?

What shall I sing about, say?  
If I sing about nothing or less,  
It doesn't much matter to me,  
So I'll straight go to singing by guess—  
Warm weather they're having in Greenland,  
And cold are India's sunny fountains;  
But it's not a whit better in Finland,  
Where fishes slide down on the mountains.

The headache I've got in my foot,  
As sure as the sun shines all night,  
A grindstone's the same to a blind man,  
As a little black dog that's all white.  
I have found that a girl don't object  
To have a mistake on her lip—  
That I've tried it please do not suspect,  
For you know I'm as meek as a sheep.

A man in a bramble-bush jumped  
And scratched one or both of his eyes out;  
(This story will surely be true)  
When you scratch the superstitious lies out,  
And when he found out they were out,  
Why, straight he went to his eyes back,  
And jumps in and scratches his own back,  
He also scratched both of his eyes' back.

If I had a remarkable dog,  
I'd put with a club on his head,  
He'd tell me would pretty well,  
And then he would keel over, dead.  
But I'm singing by guess, and my notes  
Have the beauty of being not long,  
And while I have nothing to sing of,  
Why, you can take this for a song.

## The General's Ward.

BY CAPT. CHAS. HOWARD.

"HARK! what mean those reports of firearms? Are the Americans so near our dwelling, uncle?"

The beautiful Mexican girl started back, and gazed, with a frightened look, into her guardian's face.

The old warrior smiled, and brought the rosy color back to her cheeks with a kiss, as he answered:

"Have no fears, Almedia. The American army is no nearer than Saltillo. The firing means that my brave rancheros have intercepted one or more of the blue-coated couriers, bearing dispatches from Wool to Worth, or vice versa. I regret that my wound prevents me from taking the field; but I can be of some service to beloved Mexico, at home. Knowing that General Wool will find his march to Chihuahua obstructed by the impassable Sierra Madre, and that he will seek to join Worth at Saltillo, I posted ten rancheros in the mountains to capture couriers passing between the two armies, and bring them to me to—yes, to die!"

Almedia was about to speak, when the tramp of horses smote her ears, and gazing down into the moonlit valley, from the terrace-porch, upon which she stood, she beheld a band of troopers cantering toward the dwelling.

"Hail they come, they come!" cried the old General, spying the approaching band. "And they return victorious, for I see a bound man in their midst."

"See, with what a noble air he occupies the saddle, uncle. He seems more the conqueror than the conquered!"

"What! Almedia!" cried Vegas, a flush of anger mantling his face; "dost thou bestow praise upon the enemies of thy distracted country?"

"Pardon me, dear uncle," said the girl, quickly, seeing that she had offended her warrior relative. "I wish I had not spoken; but words once uttered can not be recalled."

"Enough, my pretty ward; I pardon you. But let us be silent now, for the American is very near."

The next moment the commander of the rancheros spurred his steed to the edge of the porch and saluted the General.

"I report eight rancheros and a prisoner to your excellency," said the captain.

"Eight!" cried the General; "where are the others?"

"They sleep among the mountains with American bullets in their heads. The blue-coat fought like a tiger; but we mastered him at last."

"Escort him within, Malerido. I would see the villain who slew two of my brave fellows."

The ranchero captain returned to the band which had drawn rein at no great distance, and escorted his prisoner to the porch. As the General stepped into the moonlight to obtain a good view of the features of the courier, a deadly pallor flitted across Almedia's face, and she fled into the house, lest her guardian might hear the name which was about to part her lips.

But she restrained herself until she reached her chamber, where she almost shrieked the name of the American prisoner:

"Butler Hardinge!"

Two years prior to the opening of our story, she and her guardian made a tour of the United States, and in the fashionable circles of the Quaker City she met Lieutenant Butler Hardinge, U. S. A. He escorted her, the beautiful Mexican heiress, to many places of interest, in Philadelphia, and secretly followed her to New York and so far north as Bangor. More than once she met the handsome lieutenant, on a leave of absence—met him clandestinely, in Boston and other cities of the New England States, and knew that he loved her.

But he never declared his passion—never breathed into her ears the story of his adoration. Before he was aware of the fact that his leave of absence had expired, he was summoned to his regiment, stationed at some frontier post.

Had the stern rules of the military permitted him to remain a day longer in the smiles of Almedia, he would have declared his love, and heard from her lips the sweet assurance that she had loved him from the hour when first they met.

But now he was a prisoner, and beneath the same roof that sheltered her!

She knew her uncle to be a relentless man, and, at the same time, a patriot. A wound received at Resaca de la Palma had caused his withdrawal from the army for a time, during which he already had captured several American couriers whom he had executed.

Up to the present time, Almedia had not pleaded for the life of a single prisoner. She loved her country—believed that it had received manifold wrongs at the hands of the United States, and that the Federal armies were bands of invaders, whose reception should be the scaffold and the bullet.

Fate had placed her lover in her guardian's power. He was an American, like

those who had been executed; but should he perish on the scaffold without her speaking a word for his life?

No, no, no! She would plead for the life of the man she loved, though he wore a uniform she abhorred, and if pleading did not save him, bravery and cunning might. She would risk her life for his!

Thus she thought, as the minutes flitted by, and at last, tired with thinking, she sought her downy couch, while the young lieutenant restlessly paced the stony floor of a dungeon beneath the old mansion.

At last dawn chased the tiresome night away, and Almedia rose to plead for the life of her soldier-lover.

She found her guardian seated in an armchair of antique pattern, before the hearth. He greeted her with a kindly recognition, and, in a moment, she had broached the subject nearest her heart.

"What!" cried the old General, starting to his feet; "do I hear aright? Almedia, do you plead for the life of one of Mexico's hated foes? Now he shall surely die. With the rising of another sun the fatal noose drops over his head, and he dances on Mexico's pure air."

Sternly the veteran spoke, and Almedia threw herself in tears before him. Summoning love and eloquence to her aid, she entreated her guardian to spare his prisoner's life; but the stout heart remained untouched.

"Tears and entreaties will avail you nothing, girl," he said, looking down upon her with un pitying eyes. "Cease! I command it. The accursed American shall die!"

"He shall not die!" Almedia muttered, as she left the room and returned to her chamber.

She was determined to attempt a rescue the coming night, and, with ill-concealed anxiety awaited the arrival of the gloomy hours.

The old General retired early, as was his wont, and when the ancient clock proclaimed the hour of ten, Almedia was the only occupant of the mansion who had not yielded to the wooings of the drowsy god.

Butler Hardinge was not asleep. He knew that the General had set apart the coming morn for his execution. Chained to the clammy wall of the circular dungeon, he knew that it was folly to attempt to escape unaided. He heard the tread of the sentry before the iron door, and gave himself up for lost. But all was not lost; a sweet angel was hastening to his rescue.



THE GENERAL'S WARD.

The time-worn pendulum was still quivering with its last exertion, when the General's ward glided from the mansion, and bent her steps toward the stables. Entering one, she saddled two coal-black steeds, which she led down into the valley. Then she returned to her chamber, from which she presently emerged and entered the corridor, leading to the dungeon.

She did not grope along the dark passages, for she bore a taper boldly. Suddenly the guard before the prison door commanded her to pause. She obeyed, and a moment later displayed a bottle of wine.

The ranchero's eyes flashed as they fell upon the sparkling contents of the bottle, and instinctively he stretched forth his hand. Almedia drew nearer, gave him the bottle, and saw him quaff the wine at a single draught. A smile of satisfaction stole over her face, as the burly sentinel sunk to the ground in a sleep, from which there would be no waking for many hours.

Then she relieved his pockets of the keys, threw wide the prison door, and appeared, like a vision, to the death-condemned.

"Almedia!" cried the soldier, folding her to his heart. "Then I am beneath thy roof! Has time dealt so unkindly with thy guardian that I did not recognize him? Art—"

"The present moment is not the time for questions, Butler," she said, interrupting him. "The horse awaits us in the valley. Let us go."

Noislessly they left the mansion, and soon stood beside the steeds.

"Where were you going, Butler, when captured?"

"To Saltillo."

"Assist me to mount Montezuma, and we will away."

"What! are you going with me?" he cried, gazing with strange interest upon her.

"Why not? Were I to return to my dwelling, my guardian's sword might pierce my heart. Butler Hardinge, I unite my fate with yours. Time dies, and day is not far distant. Away, away!"

He kissed her, as he grasped the bridle, and a minute afterward they were flying down the dark road toward Saltillo. All night they rode, and with the first glimmerings of day, drew rein before the headquarters of General Wool.

When Wool formed a junction with Worth, Butler Hardinge rejoined his regiment, and served with credit the remainder of the war. Almedia was constantly at her lover's side, and the soldiers called her their "guardian angel."

At Buena Vista General Vegas received his death-wound, and when Almedia returned to the old mansion, the wife of the

American soldier, she found no guardian to uphold her with un faithfulness to the Mexican cause.

## Camp-Fire Yarns.

## Ned Brady's Leap.

## A TALE OF THE PHANTOM CLIFF.

BY RALPH RINGWOOD.

AWAY up on the head-waters of the Rio Brazos there is a short range of rugged hills, or rather mountains—for in more than one instance the lofty peaks are entitled to that name—the largest of which is known among the hunters and trappers as Phantom Hill.

Many times, by the camp-fire, I had heard my companions—men who had spent the greater part of their lives on the border—speak in mysterious tones of Phantom Hill, always in a manner that could but impress upon the belief that there was something extraordinary connected with the place.

More than once I had sought information on the subject, but they all evinced a decided aversion to talk about it, and after being rebuffed once or twice, I was forced to give it up.

At length, however, chance threw in my way an old trapper who, when applied to, readily promised the story of the Phantom Hill, and so, one night, when the others had sought their blankets, the old man related the following narrative, the truth of which he solemnly vouched for:

"Well, boy, the story ar' a sad one, an' from sartin reasons thar ain't many of us what likes to talk about it," began the trapper, as we seated ourselves upon our saddles a little way out on the prairie; "but I war n't ever skerry about talkin' about 'er facin' a live man, an' I don't see why I should be afeard to tell about a dead one."

"But you hev been on the border long enough to know that we old fellows get to be what they calls superstitious, an' that's the reason, I reckon, why they don't like to fetch up the name of a man who goes wanderin' about arter he has been dead these five-and-twenty year."

"Thar never lived a better nor a braver man than Ned Brady, an' I'll venture to say that he hadn't a enemy, 'mong the whites, on the whole border."

"He came out from the States soon arter the war between the Texans an' Greasers,

an' thet's what made him in sech a hurry to git back."

"He must hev rode hard, for, to'ards sundown of the next day, he struck the hill country not more'n twenty mile from his ranche."

"An' here it war that the poor feller got the first idea of what hed been goin' on at home."

"As he rose the hill arter crossin' a little crick, he caught sight of a big black thing—a b'ar he thought first off—comin' up, but a minit later he see'd it war the dog."

"The poor brute hed been chopped almost to pieces w' a tomahawk, an' war bleedin' yet. It could scarcely crawl, but it knowed Ned, an' the minit it see'd him, it sot up the awfulest howlin' imaginable."

"Ned saw it all at a glimpse. That dog wouldn't never hev left the wife an' little 'un as long as they war livin'."

"The Comanch' war on the war-path, an' his cabin had been burnt!"

"Well, lad, I needn't hang fire on this part uv the yarn."

"Ned Brady found only a lot uv smokin' logs whar his home hed been, an', as he lay in cover—for you see he war too old a hand to go an' run his own head under the imps' tomahawks—he saw the Comanch' dodgin' about 'mong the bushes, waitin' for him to come in with the plunder they knowed he'd been arter."

"That war it. They hed watched his movements, murdered the wife an' little 'un, an' war now hankerin' arter the powder an' lead, an' things he'd traded for."

"It must 'a been a awful thing for a man to come back to his home an' them as he loved best of enny on the airth, an' find one burnt to the ground, an' t'other murdered an' skulped."

"He knowed they war n't prisoners. The dog wouldn't 'a bugged a inch as long as any one was livin'." He had seen 'em go down under the red devil's axes, an' then come to meet his master an' tell him as well as he could in his way."

"For two or three hours Ned Brady lay in the brush an' waited."

"By-an'-by the streaks along the tree-tops to the east'ard showed that day war breakin', an' then he got up to try an' take what revenge he could on them as had murdered the on'y ones in the world as he cared for. The Injuns, tired out w' the'r devilish work, hed laid down 'bout the burnin' timmer, leavin' one warrior on guard, an' him they posted a leetle way down the gully, to'ard the lower end."

"Ned war, by this time, on the very tip-top p'int uv the peak, not much standin'—room nuther, an' jess behind him there war a precipice, five hundred foot deep of it war a inch. As the Comanch' charged, Ned fired for the last time, rubbed out one more of the imps, an' then stepped for'ard to the edge, with his clubbed rifle."

"Two went down under it, an' then when the bar'l broke loose from the stock an' went skeetin' down the rocks, he dropped the piece uv maple, rushed for'ard, an' gruppin' a big warrior, the chief I believe it war, drug him to the edge uv the cliff an' both went over together."

"Twur the last blow poor Ned Brady struck, but it war a powerful one."

"An' now the curious part of the story comes."

"You know the hill that Ned Brady lep' off'n is called Phantom Hill, an' it ar' called so becase the spirits of him an' his wife an' little 'un has often been seen by our fellows, wanderin' about the place, sometimes singly, an' then ag'in, all together."

"The boys don't like to go around thar, an' you know they don't like to talk of it, an' I don't wonder, no, not a bit I don't."

"Twice a year the phantoms are seen, moving slowly, sadly along the mountain brow or in the valley below; an' I hev heard that more'n onc't the finger uv a big black dog has been seen trotting alongside uv 'em."

"Thet, my lad, ar' the story of Phantom Hill. It ain't much uv a yarn, to be sure, but it ar' a true one, an' a sad one at thet."

"Four mile, hill and holler at thet, ar' a tough race, an' thar ain't many as can hold out, but Ned Brady could; an', what's more, he did, an' when he struck the foot uv the mountain, the Comanch' war half a mile behind."

"Up he went, headin' fur a place he know'd of, whar, ef a man could hide from a Injun, he could do it thar."

"It war a cave w' a double mouth. Two caves mebbly a-leadin' into one another."

"Here Ned rested an' listened fur the yelps of the Comanch', but they hed quit, all at onc't, an' he know'd thet was a bad sign. An' so it was. He had hardly catch'd afore the Comanch' was onto him."

"How they struck his trail ar' a mystery, but strike it they did, an' then when they found they'd tread the'r game for sartin, they jess opened again and made the range howl with the'r cussed rumpus, an' so the thing got nattered down to a very small p'int."

"Thar war but one thing left fur Ned, an' thet war to kill what he could an' then go under like the man as he was."

"Es the Comanch' kem scramblin' up the rocks, headin' full in fur the cave, Ned got a bead on the fo'most one and throw'd him cl'ar over the precipice near by whar he stood."

"Then he put back through the cave and from t'other end he down'd another 'un. 'But, this game war soon played out. When he left the lower cave the last time the Comanch' follered, and he was forced to take to the cliffs ag'in."

"They pushed the brave fellow clost, first from one cliff to another, and then from thar still higher up, an' so on till they had cornered him, an' then he turned and faced 'em."

"All this we got from one uv the Comanch' we took arterwards, an' Dubois yonder translated the yarn fur us."

"The Injun said that when he did turn, he looked jess like, er wuss, 'n mad cat, mount or grizzly."

"For a time the warriors wouldn't close in onto him; but, arter a while, they made the'r rush."

"Ned was, by this time, on the very tip-top p'int uv the peak, not much standin'—room nuther, an' jess behind him there war a precipice, five hundred foot deep of it war a inch. As the Comanch' charged, Ned fired for the last time, rubbed out one more of the imps, an' then stepped for'ard to the edge, with his clubbed rifle."

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## Beat Time's Notes.

WHEN I was the editor of the *Spirit of the 4th of July*, a paper of considerable pressure in the village of Dedham, my cotemporary of the *Weekly Constitution* once spoke of my ears in a manner which I allow no man except my wife to do. Knowing he was a coward of the deepest dye (warranted fast colors), and that he wouldn't fight for love or spite, I sent him the following wrathful and annihilating letter:

BIBB, Esq.:  
"Dear Sir—My honor calls for blood to the last drop in your body. Name your weapons, and fix the date. I mean business."

To which he replied:

BEAT TIME:  
"Dear Sir—Business is business; for weapons I choose pistols, and will meet you gladly at 9 o'clock to-morrow in the woods over the river, when I will give you a start 'over the river' where your childhood's idols are waiting for you."

I replied:

MR. BIBB:  
"Dear Sir—You evidently intended to pass a compliment upon me in the paragraph in question, but, probably the printer made it read differently. Is not this the case? I shall meet you there. Think of your family! Couldn't you have made the time earlier? I ache to give you the fatal shot. Think what a disgrace it will be to be killed in a duel! Would that we were face to face now! Reflect on what you are about to do! My aim is good. Remember your life is not insured! I thirst for your blood, but do not be too rash!"  
Respectfully,  
"BEAT TIME."

To this he wrote:

BEAT TIME:  
"Dear Sir—As you are impatient I will say that a deadly meeting can be arranged to take place two hours from now."

To which I returned this note of carnage:

MY DEAR MR. BIBB:  
"Please make the time an hour earlier; my compositors are all tired out holding me, and have sat down to rest. Was it your original intention to load the pistols with balls? I have instructed my second, whom I am willing should be first, not to be particular about it as it is a matter of perfect indifference to me—perfect indifference; though it might be better on all sides, including insides, if balls were not insisted upon. I think of your family, you see, if you do not. I never was more cool. Couldn't it be arranged to have the first meeting without pistols? Yours, with high esteem,  
"BEAT TIME."

He backed out, as I expected.

If a patriarch is a sire, then is not his wife a siren? If not then, whence?

SOME grocers are close in every thing except their weights.

THE "shells of ocean" which so inspired the pen of the poet were turtle-shells—a soup-erior theme.

To prevent sea-sickness—make your voyages by land.

To cure a cough—salt it down.  
Tearfully, BEAT TIME.